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impact

Adventures with the **not-so-Lonely** *Planet*

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There goes our competition: *Offbeat* suspended

by Robin Platts

Stop the presses.

Last week CFUV suspended publication of the radio station's magazine *Offbeat* indefinitely.

"It has been suspended," said Jeb Gordon, advertising and sales coordinator for both CFUV and *Offbeat*. "It's not officially cancelled."

Financial concerns are at the root of the suspension. *Offbeat* has been a consistent financial burden for CFUV, and concerns about the campus radio station's increasing expenses – including insurance and space usage costs – led to the decision.

"*Offbeat*'s the easiest thing to change if the finances are going poorly," said Gordon.

"We have lost money with *Offbeat* throughout its history. It has yet to break even." According to Gordon, in a "good year" *Offbeat* lost around $8,000. A bad year meant a loss of as much as $20,000.

"We haven't lost $20,000 in a couple of years." Gordon said. "The amounts (of the losses) have been steadily declining. There have been a lot of changes in the last three years, in an attempt to change the cost structure, increase the pick-up and attract advertisers."

Sharmeen Khan, CFUV station manager and *Offbeat* publisher, said the need to suspend the magazine was "definitely a shock."

"I was hoping we could hold out until summer, but we couldn't," she said. "I tried really hard to make it work. We decreased some of the overhead costs; we tried making it bi-monthly."

"It's kind of sad," said Khan. "As with CFUV, *Offbeat* has grown. But our funding hasn't really changed. We need to put more resources towards the station and *Offbeat* uses a lot of resources."

Offbeat, which started in the mid-'80s, has evolved over the years and become a fixture in Victoria's music scene. But, Khan stresses, CFUV's priority has to be the radio station, not the magazine.

"It came down to a question of what is our mandate," she said. "Is it to put out a publication? It helps to promote the station, but it's been a constant struggle, and Victoria's a really difficult market. It's hard to get ads in this town."

Offbeat may continue in a scaled-down format. One possibility would be something along the lines of Cinecenta's program guide, with programming info and some other content. A decision about the publication's future will be made at a board meeting this Thursday.

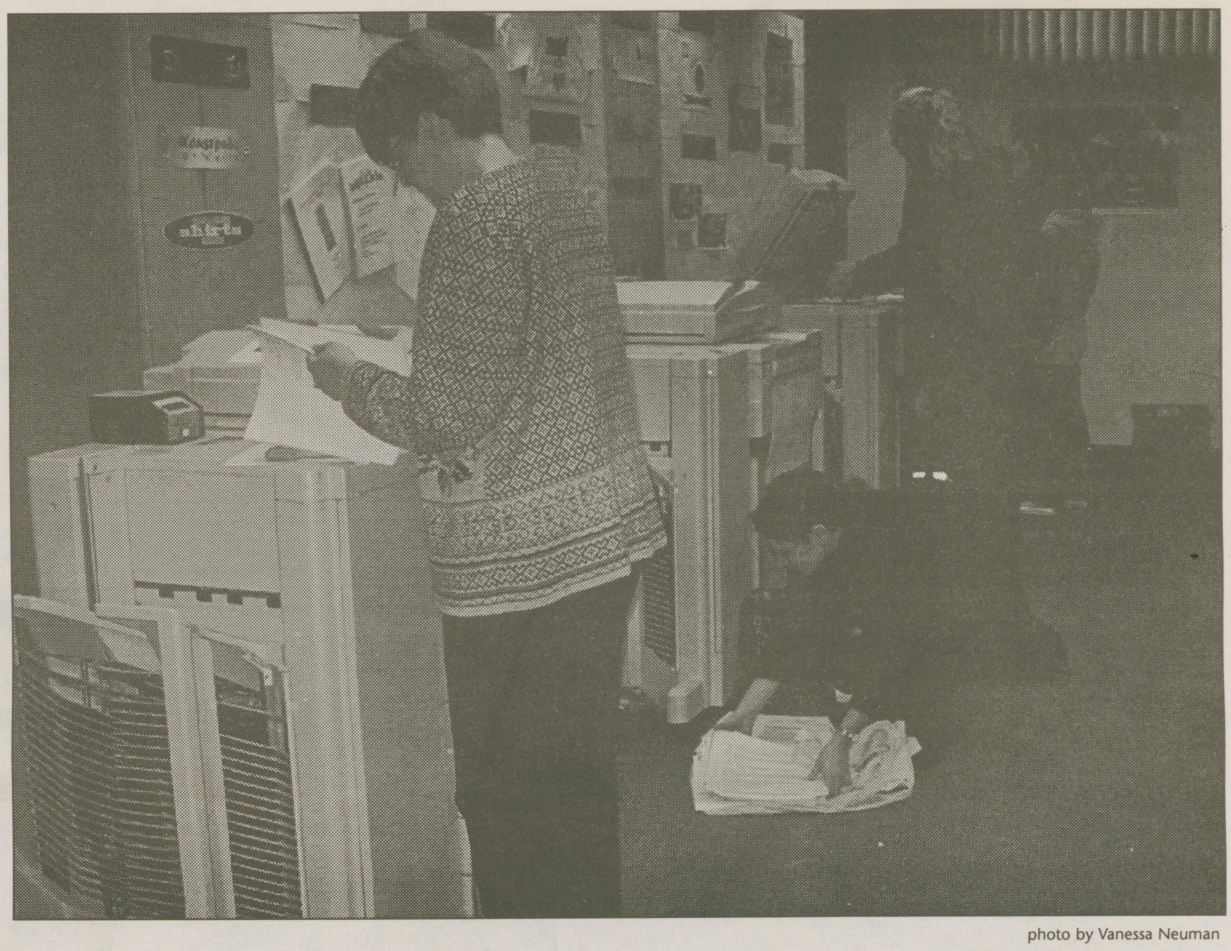

photo by Vanessa Neuman

No more self-serve at Zap! as vandalism resulted in early closures of the SUB copy centre last week.

No more late-nite copying at Zap!

by Briony Smith

Due to vandalism, late-night copying is no longer available at Zap!, the SUB's copy centre.

Al Bishop, manager of Zap!, said vandalism has been ongoing, but Zap! hasn't been aware of it until recently.

On the morning of Tuesday, Jan. 14, Bishop noticed the card-reader on one copier was slightly off to the side and missing a screw, indicating that someone who had been making use of the self-serve copying hours had tampered with the copier.

Bishop also noticed the default properties on the copier's screen were not those set by the staff.

"They were supposed to be set up for one copy, but would be set for three or four," said Bishop.

After this happened again the following night, Bishop asked the SUB building attendant to monitor Zap! during the self-serve hours.

On Thursday, Jan. 16, Bishop said the building attendant found "12 to 15 students clustered around a copier copying a book, but no money was being deducted off the card [in the card-reader]. "The building attendant ushered the people out, but when he returned a short while later, the same people had returned and were continuing to make free copies. At that point, the people were once again ushered out, and the building attendant locked the doors for the night.

Bishop said it is too difficult to prove who caused the damage. Also, the evidence is too intangible for a proper identification of the perpetrators, he said.

The people who committed the vandalism are merely "ripping themselves off," said Bishop, by taking advantage of a student union-run facility, as well as depriving themselves of late-night copying. "It's a case of those few wrecking it for everybody," Bishop said.

When asked whether late-night copying might be available in the future, Bishop said there was a possibility that, at the beginning of September 2003, he might extend copying hours where a Zap! staff person can supervise use of the copiers.

To-your-door service the future of Victoria transit?

by Mark Samcoe

In the not-too distant future some students may find themselves calling up BC Transit, not to complain about being passed up by a bus and missing an important class, but to utter something along the lines of "Hello, could I get a bus to (insert address here), please."

The Victoria Regional Transit Commission is discussing a shuttle service in the Fairfield and Cordova Bay areas that would see 22 to 24-seat mini-buses deviating from established routes during periods of low demand.

"It's not new for transit, it's new for Victoria," said customer service VP Ron Drolet of the shuttle-style service – similar in look to Handi-Dart buses – that already exists in North Saanich and the Highlands.

Drolet says the service may operate via telephone requests – similar to a taxi company.

"If the phone doesn't ring, you don't respond," he said.

The commission chose to examine a redirection in service during evenings and weekends instead of abandoning routes, thus ensuring riders will not be left waiting curbside.

Although the service has yet to be finalized, the concept has already received mixed reviews.

"Some people would rather see no change," Drolet said. "People are worried."

However, Drolet said, people with personal concerns about long walks at night to and from bus stops are delighted with a proposed service that would deliver them to their doorstep.

Although the service will go into effect quickly, implementation will not take place until after an April meeting of the commission.

"The worst thing you can do is cut back and find you can't meet demands," said Drolet.

Otherwise, it's business as usual for Victoria's bus service. Minor route changes, outlined in the *Rider's Guide* supplement, occur every year, and took effect Jan. 6.

"There's been nothing dramatic," said Drolet.

As for the ever-present student worry of buses flashing "drop off only," Drolet believes transit has successfully coped with demands, and asks, "Is it really a pass-up when you can see the next bus coming?"

photo by Jocelyn Beyak

UVic students Ryan Chambers, Sarah Cockburn, Holly Riddell and Missy Conrad cozy up to the curb. Changes to the Victoria bus system may create a phone-in transit service on select routes.

Student Family Centre strapped for cash

by Suzanne Beaubien

When Roberta Kennedy moved to Victoria from Penticton eight years ago she felt lonely and isolated. Her husband was taking classes at UVic, and she was at home with a new baby. Thankfully, she says, the UVic Student Family Centre connected her with both the resources and the support to help her cope.

"[The Family Centre] really changed my life," says Kennedy. "I moved here from Penticton and was really lonely. I had this little baby and had no idea what to do with it."

"Getting support from people in the same situation makes you feel normal."

"Our stress level went way down," says Kennedy of the time after she began using the Centre's services, something she credits to both the Centre's programs and coordinators. "They're amazing. They're genuinely passionate and care about the families here," she says about program director Martha McAlister and Barbara Whittington, the program's faculty coordinator.

But as of Feb. 1, funding to the Student Family Centre will be halved, reducing McAlister's hours from four days to two, and cutting back the number of free programs offered, such as parent and tot groups, multicultural potlucks and clothing and toy exchanges.

The Centre was created by the faculty of human and social development, and has been open since 1994. However, 2002 was the first year it had a full-time coordinator. Associate dean Michael Prince made a request for funding last year to top up the program director's salary, on the provision that the Centre find the resources to fund it after the grant ran out. When the Centre still hadn't secured resources by November 2002, the faculty of human and social development extended funding through to the end of January, says Anita Molzahn, dean of the faculty.

"The plan is to revert back to the half-time position," says Molzahn.

Molzahn says the faculty applied for funding from UVic Finance and Operations, but has yet to hear if the request will be granted, as the budget is still in its draft stages.

Molzahn hopes to see the Family Centre continue to thrive at UVic.

"They do some great work and help out a lot of families," she says.

Indeed, McAlister says there has been a significant rise in the Centre's use over the last year, doubling the number of visitors.

"This year has really demonstrated need for the service to be full-time," says McAlister. "The Centre sees almost 600 visitors a month, many of them from other countries."

"A lot of people from family housing come from other countries and are isolated. This is a place where they can feel a sense of belonging," McAlister says.

Also affected by changes will be the several practicum students the Family Centre brings on every year. This year, the Centre has two from the faculty of child and youth care, two from nursing and three from the faculty of social work, says McAlister.

"This could be a problem in the long term. We wouldn't be able to take on as many," she says.

Practicum students have been critical to the Centre's success, says McAlister. The Centre also relies on about 10 volunteers to facilitate programs.

McAlister fears student families will feel the squeeze of the recent tuition hike, making the support services of the Centre even more important.

"Students' families tend to be the most financially stressed group, so something like this is a big blow. As tuition goes up, there hasn't been an increase in services for students," says McAlister. "We feel that students who have families have a lot of extra stresses on them. We see value in community level support for families."

McAlister says the Family Centre will continue to search for alternate

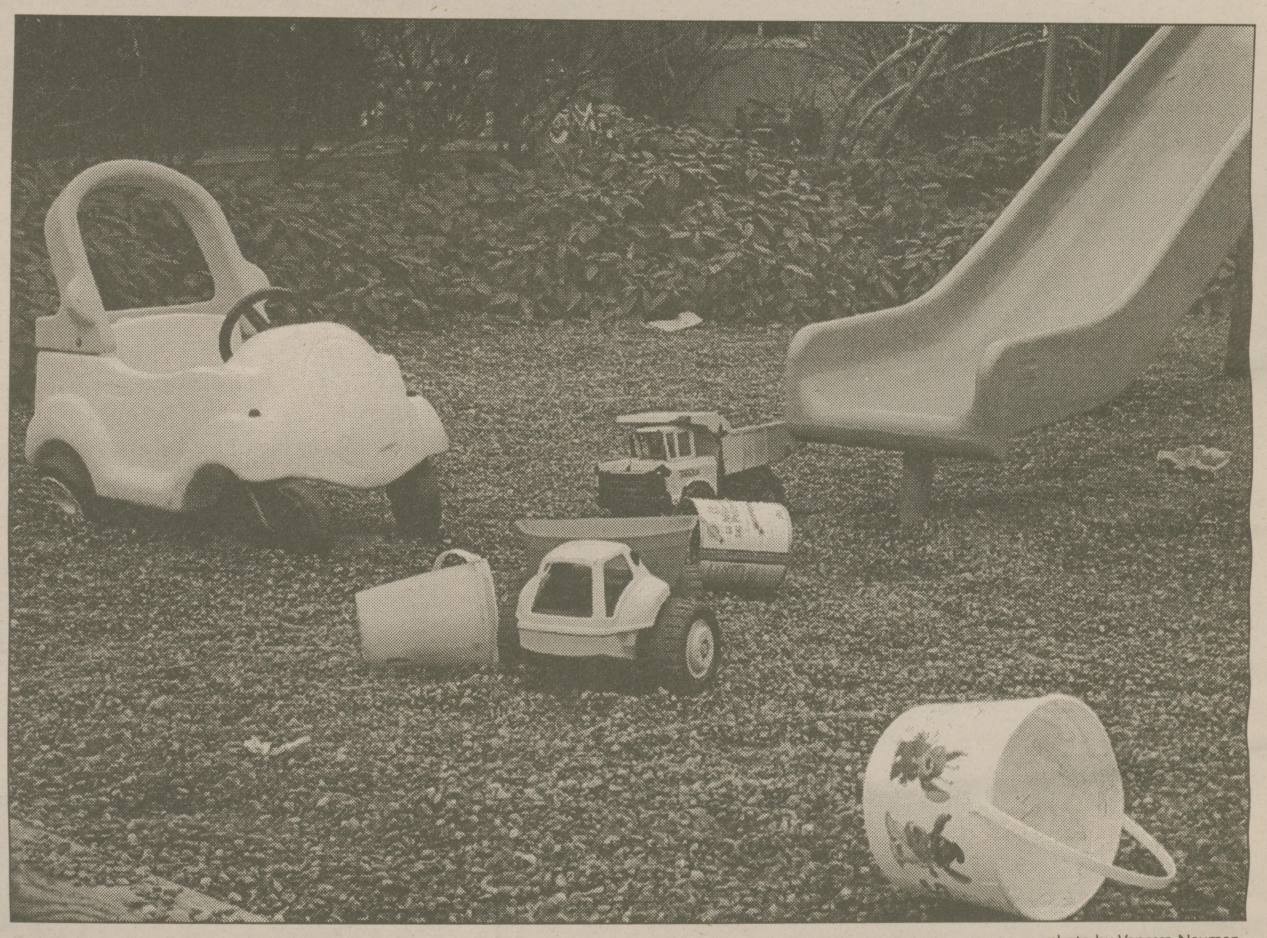

photo by Vanessa Neuman

This used to be my playground: Programming at UVic's Student Family Centre will be cut back this winter after a grant runs out.

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Black History Month events

compiled by Rubina Sidhu

It's almost February and campus and community groups have come together to bring awareness to and celebrate Black History Month. Both the newly formed Afro-Caribbean Students Association and UVic's Students of Colour Collective have worked with the B.C. Black History Awareness Society to plan the following events:

For the month of February, the B.C. Black History Awareness Society (BCBHAS) will host **storytelling and craft days for children** every Saturday. This weekly event features stories with Afro-Caribbean roots or black characters. Sunday afternoons BCBHAS hosts **coffee houses** as an opportunity to share musical talents, poetry readings, and discussions.

Friday, Feb. 7 the BCBHAS and UVic's Afro-Caribbean Student Association (ACSA) will hold a **fundraiser for aid to the Mengo Hospital** in Uganda at the Princess Mary Restaurant, with gumboot dancing, a fashion show, Zimbabwean dancing and finger piano playing. For those interested in learning how to gumboot, ACSA holds weekly lessons at the UVic fountain Saturdays at 3 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 12, the UVic Students of Colour Collective will host a **film night**. Discussion, facilitated by the Collective, will follow the viewing. Everyone is welcome, and admission is free. The event will be held at the Centre for Innovative Teaching, Room 128.

Saturday, Feb. 15, the Pepperpot radio show celebrates its first anniversary with a **party at the Jamaican Jerk House**. Tickets are $7 when purchased in advance at the Caribbean Village Bakery, A&B Sound or the B.C. Black History Awareness Society. Proceeds from this event go to both CFUV 101.9FM and the BCBHAS.

Sunday, Feb. 23, the Old Cemeteries Society will host a **walking tour** of the Ross Bay Cemetery, highlighting burial sites of Black pioneers.

To end the month, BCBHAS will showcase the **history of music** as it developed from African drumbeats to the hip-hop and rap of today in a presentation titled *Our Story Through Music and Dance* on Saturday, Feb. 28.

For information regarding tickets, times and venue call the BCBHAS at 727-6454. Unless otherwise noted, all events will take place at 2646 Quadra St. Contact the Afro-Caribbean Student Association through Shaehamange at asnghifi@uvic.ca for more information. For campus events, the Students of Colour Collective can be reached at socolour@uvic.ca.

Campus club brings pro-life speaker to UVic

by Briony Smith

Anti-abortion activist Stephanie Gray is well aware of the less-than-amicable relationship between the campus club Youth Protecting Youth (YPY) and the UVic Students' Society (UVSS). Nevertheless, Gray, a representative from the Centre for Bioethical Reform, said she supports mounting the Genocide Awareness Project (GAP) at UVic.

"The fact that [YPY's] speaking out from their perspective means the risk of losing their club status is utterly appalling and disgusting," said Gray at a presentation hosted by YPY on Monday, Jan. 20.

Gray was the centre of controversy at the University of British Columbia in 1999 when, as a member of the club Students for Life, she mounted a GAP campaign. Sponsored by the Centre for Bioethical Reform, GAP consists mainly of a poster display that compares abortion to the genocide of the Holocaust and the persecution of African-Americans by the KKK. One poster depicts a photo of a mass grave filled with Jewish persons with the caption "The SS." Beside it is a photo of a hanged black man with the caption "The KKK." The third photo is of a dead bloody fetus with the caption "Planned Parenthood."

Katherine Brach, a third-year musical education student and acting president of YPY, said she wanted Gray to come speak to "start the new semester off on the right foot by educating everyone." But Brach said YPY will not likely bring the GAP display to UVic in the near future.

"Until we build up a relationship with the UVSS and the students of UVic, we won't bring the GAP project to UVic," said Brach.

The UVSS' constitution is pro-choice and the society revoked YPY's club status in 2000. Their status was reinstated the following year after a record number of students attended the UVSS' annual general meeting.

In her presentation, Gray said she wants to inform students that abortion is murder against the unborn, and that "UVic students are a generation of people born at a time when abortion was made readily available. We are missing thousands of our peers who are the victims of abortion."

January 28 marked the 15th anniversary of the Supreme Court decision to decriminalize abortion in Canada.

Women's studies student Pamela Manhas, who attended the seminar, said she felt the lecture was a "how-to for anti-choicers." Though Brach told Manhas that YPY's goal was not to stage a GAP display in the near future, she said she was troubled because Gray is an avid supporter of GAP.

Manhas said she felt the seminar was the "next-best thing" to displaying GAP posters, and was merely a "GAP put into words."

Alliance MP suggests decriminalizing marijuana

by Patrick White

Dr. Keith Martin, physician, Alliance MP for Esquimalt-Juan de Fuca and opposition critic for Latin America, Africa and international financial institutions, gave shaky answers to tough questions from a crowd gathered for "Drugs & The Law," a conference put on by the Rational Drug Policy Association on Jan. 25 at UVic.

The heavily-tanned Dr. Martin, fresh from a humanitarian trip in Africa, put forth his policy for eradicating the drug problem in Canada, calling for a more holistic approach to drug policy than is currently in place, incorporating counselling, medication and skills training for drug addicts.

"We have laws," said Dr. Martin, "that penalize people who have problems with substance abuse, while by and large those controlling the trade in organized crime get off relatively scot-free. People who have substance abuse problems are treated as criminals when, in my opinion, they have a medical problem."

His assertion that drug use was a medical problem raised the ire of some of the 50 audience members.

"People can function normally while taking drugs. The founder of John Hopkins University took heroin every day," said one audience member during the question and answer period.

Throughout his presentation, Dr. Martin used drug users and drug users interchangeably.

Dr. Martin also discussed his bill to decriminalize the possession of marijuana, a bill that would have people caught possessing 100 grams or less of marijuana issued a fine rather than face criminal charges.

One angry audience member said having to pay a fine was much worse than the current laws that usually see police turning a blind eye to simple possession. Dr. Martin responded, "We should try the bill out and go from there."

When asked if his drug plan would crack down not only on organized crime, but also on smaller growers, Dr. Martin indicated he knew only of organized crime drug producers and not the smaller independent growers that have stabilized the economies of many small towns in British Columbia.

The conference was sponsored by the Law Foundation of B.C. and the UVic Law Students' Society.

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Campus internships aid community groups

by Mark Vardy

photo by Mark Vardy

VIPIRG interns eren ryding and Meghan Jezewski get course credit researching legalized brothels.

With an eye to the world beyond Ring Road, some UVic students are using course assignments to do research for local community groups. Facilitated by the Vancouver Island Public Interest Research Group (VIPIRG), students are meeting academic requirements while filling a research gap in environmental and social justice issues through participating in the year-old Research Internship Program (RIP).

Krista Roessingh and classmate Magnus Bein mapped the ecology of a 500 metre stretch of Upper Killarney Creek last term for the Friends of Tod Creek Watershed.

"They wanted someone to do ongoing creek monitoring, once a week, and storm events, showing up at the beginning of a rain storm," said Roessingh. "So we designed a monitoring program for the group to carry out themselves. And we extended the project to meet our academic requirements by talking with the Saanich Municipality and looking at what kind of help they needed in the same area."

The work she and Bein did might be entered in the next edition of the *Saanich Sensitive Eco-systems Atlas*. But having such things to put on a resume is not necessarily the most valuable result of participating in RIP.

"The woman we worked with lived in that watershed for 30 years and was a really astute naturalist," said Roessingh. "We learned a lot just from walking with her, talking with her about the ecology of the area. You're learning first hand."

Learning from people outside academia who are steeped in knowledge is something Meghan Jezewski and eren ryding are looking forward to this term.

Ryding is in a critical research strategies course in sociology and Jezewski is doing a research and social change class in the school of social work.

Ryding and Jezewski are both part of a four-member team of students who are in the beginning stages of a research project with the Prostitutes Empowerment and Education Society (PEERS).

"PEERS are allowing us to come into their space and learn from their stories," said ryding. "We're coming from an academic community, and there's a tradition of middle class academics going [into communities outside of the academic circle], doing their research and leaving. But the most important part of research for me is the change that comes out of it."

The research Jezewski and ryding are doing is only one part of the project PEERS has underway, which involves examining the consequences of legalizing brothels – on the community as a whole and on sex-trade workers.

"PEERS would like us to find three examples of legally operated brothels," said Jezewski. "We'll look at issues of safety: Do the sex-trade workers feel safe? Does the community feel safe? Are there medical benefits? Are they [the sex-trade workers] on a payroll?"

There are no such brothels in Canada, so the students have to look elsewhere. "The end goal of the project is to have examples to cite where [legally operated brothels] do work, in order to talk about changing legislation," she said.

Although they are in separate classes, the research both ryding and Jezewski are doing will meet their individual course requirements.

Tim Richards of VIPIRG said the program augments what students are learning in their classrooms.

"It makes real the research process," said Richards. "All kinds of issues arise with the practicalities of research that you can't learn in the classroom."

Although students do not get paid for the research they do, VIPIRG can chip in up to $100 for expenses.

Andrea Mears, also of VIPIRG, said, "The goal is to have students do a research paper in the community rather than in the library."

Roessingh, Jezewski and ryding agree that the possibilities for learning with RIP are great.

"You create relationships with people who have a lot of knowledge," said Roessingh.

VIPIRG is located in room B122 in the Student Union Building. You can view research proposals at www.vipirg.ca

Forum to examine root of poverty in Canada

by Norman Ed Baskerville

The reality of poverty is not for the squeamish.

In Canada, a disproportionate number of First Nations people live in poverty, and 2.8 million women (most of whom are single mothers) live in poverty. Here in B.C., one out of five people live in poverty.

"Indifference to those suffering seems to be the attitude towards the poor," said Tim Richards, a researcher for the Vancouver Island Public Interest Research Group (VIPIRG).

Since June, local non-profit groups, the Capital Region Race Relations Association, VIPIRG, the Victoria Anti-Poverty Coalition (APOV) and the Status of Women Action Group (SWAG) have met to organize a province-wide Assembly to End Poverty, to be held in Victoria from Jan. 31 to Feb. 2.

The goal of the assembly is to build a more active and effective "end of poverty" movement in B.C. by engaging in informed debates, mobilizing collective action and encouraging solidarity among participating individuals and groups, said organizers.

The weekend will be broken up into open forums, discussion groups and caucuses.

The assembly would be a success, said Richards, "if people emerge with a fundamental understanding of the origins of poverty and the societal transformation and action plans needed."

"There are many facts we'd rather not acknowledge when it comes to poverty," states the assembly's information primer, an 86-page booklet that attempts to describe realities of, causes of and solutions to the problem of systemic poverty.

Much of the primer lays out facts about the inequity of the world's distribution of wealth and the "profit at all costs" credos of capitalism that lie at the root of poverty.

In 2002, *Forbes* magazine reported there are 497 billionaires in the world today, each worth an average of $3.1 billion. The business sector is thriving while creating poverty through downsizing, layoffs and the replacement of workers with machines.

According to evidence in the primer, unemployment is actually necessary for the economic prosperity of big business.

Unemployment keeps wages low and profits high. If everyone was employed, workers would not fear job loss and would demand higher wages which would fuel inflation, making money worth less, making all the world's millionaires and billionaires unhappy.

The primer points out that economists have determined the natural rate of unemployment (NAIRU) in Canada is eight per cent. If the NAIRU falls, interest rates rise to slow down the economy and maintain unemployment to maximize profits.

Richards notes that restructuring Canada's economic ideology is a daunting and contentious idea.

"Capitalism creates poverty," he said. "Alternatives by revolution is just wishful thinking, solutions have to come in incremental steps."

Fighting the forces that perpetuate poverty takes many forms. One example is the APOV's "flying squad." The flying squad is a group of people who, by making a spectacle in government offices, challenge welfare decisions that keep assistance from individuals in need.

With the Liberal government's cuts to Income Assistance expenditures, and with more cuts pending, the number of poor in B.C. is rising steadily, said Richards.

"We have to deal with the reality that help now is a necessity," he said. "Protests are important, but I hope the assembly finds a basis to be long-term effective."

The forum will be held at the Downtown Activity Centre on Pandora.

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LETS make a deal: Community service makes for great trading

by Heather Mah

Can you imagine getting your plumbing fixed in exchange for a guitar lesson? Or driving someone to the grocery store for a massage? For over 100 Victoria residents, this is a reality. They belong to the Local Exchange and Trading System (LETS), a community organization that practices an alternative economic exchange by bartering goods and services, without exchange of federal dollars.

Peter Nancarrow has been a member of LETS for the past few years. He uses its services up to eight times each month.

"Once I was able to locate a missing pile of papers for one of the members by using my psychic abilities over the telephone. He was thrilled," says Nancarrow. And what did he receive in return? Help with his computer and services from a homeopath.

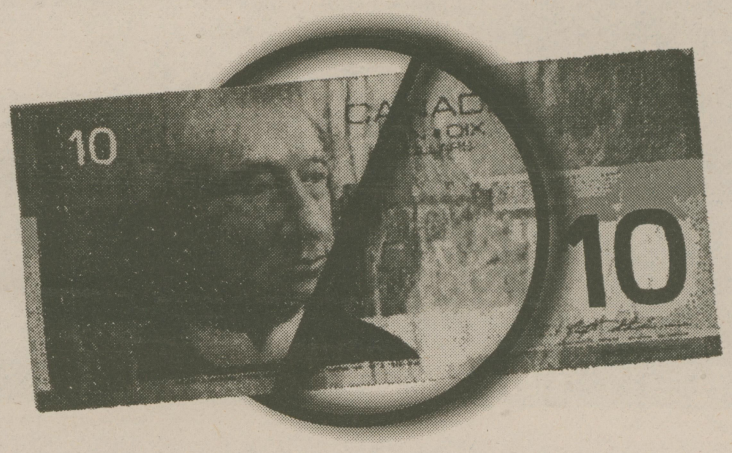
In place of federal money, LETS members acquire "green dollars," a virtual currency that members don't have to worry about carrying around or losing. The dollars are recorded on a database when members call in or log onto the Internet after they have made a transaction with another member.

After joining LETS, members create an account where they list goods and services they have to offer, as well as requests for things they need.

Nancarrow, who offers his time and vehicle to drive other members, says he is able to give a lot of pleasure and comfort to people who would otherwise be strapped for transportation.

Another member, Shahira LeBlanc, who joined LETS a year ago says she has met "all kinds of people" through the organization. A self-employed professional masseuse, LeBlanc offers massage in exchange for green dollars or other services.

Cindy Polutnik, the editor of *LETSpeak*, a monthly newsletter distributed to all members, says that other trade organizations charge higher fees, take a percentage or expect direct trades. Polutnik researched several similar organizations before joining LETS in 1995.



"Before LETS, I had my car painted in exchange for doing one year's bookkeeping," she says.

Polutnik is a qualified Wing Chun Kung Fu and women's self-protection class instructor, and offers these services to members. She also trades wedding cakes and other baked goods. Polutnik enrolled her son in music lessons for two years and paid the teacher in "green dollars" while other parents paid in regular money.

Like any economy, there are instances of a bad exchange, which Polutnik and her husband have encountered.

"Because we are a community, people who are members who do not offer fair trades, or who behave badly within the community, can lose business," she says. When there is a dispute, a LETS trustee decides how to deal with the transaction. In Polutnik's case, she and her husband were left unsatisfied and no longer trade with that individual. Like any other store or restaurant, Polutnik said if you get bad business, you don't go there again.

Polutnik says LETS has introduced her to people who are marginalized or poor, in addition to many "mainstream" people. "People go to 'day jobs' and buy, sell or trade services and wares on the side," she says.

Volunteer members, the "L-team," do the administration for LETS and an annual meeting is held for all members. All balances and transactions are open for all members to view.

There is also no such this as being bankrupt in the LETS economy. A negative balance of "green dollars" represents what you have received and will offer back to the community in the future. This balance is interest free.

Polutnik wishes there could be a broader range of goods and services available in LETS, and sees a lack in both trades and professionals such as mechanics, dentists and pediatricians.

"I see a rapidly expanding demand for these services as more and more people face poverty and unemployment, not to mention dissatisfaction with government," she says.

New course union crosses faculty boundaries

by Suzanne Beaubien

In the past, a double major was the only option for students hoping to cross faculty boundaries and meet people other than those they see in labs and lectures all day. But a new inter-faculty club hopes to bring together students from all areas of study to participate in both community building and charity events.

Organizer Omid Fotuhi says Vic-U came out of the frustration he felt at the lack of opportunities to bring together a large number of students at UVic. When Fotuhi became president of the math and statistics course union last fall he realized there was more work involved than he had expected.

"I found that we were pretty limited in the number of participants and the events we could do," he said. "So, I thought, if I was having a rough time with it, then other people probably were too."

Fotuhi was right. When he put out a call for course unions to come together, he received an overwhelming response.

Twenty-three faculties were involved in Vic-U's first event, a pub crawl that took place last November, and now all 26 course unions are on board.

"One of the reasons why we do so well is the involvement of so many different faculties," Fotuhi said.

Perhaps the most notable project Vic-U is involved with is Habitat for Humanity, a non-profit organization that builds houses for low-income families. The project would require many hours of volunteer work, but Fotuhi said he thinks UVic students could do it.

"UVic students have such an environmentalist, helping mentality, it's no surprise they want to get involved in something like this," said Fotuhi.

Vic-U's next event, a fundraiser for the United Way, Vic-U and the UVSS Food bank, will be a date auction on Feb. 8.

The organization is the first of its kind at UVic. While there have been initiatives at other Canadian universities to start cross-faculty organizations, none have come to fruition like Vic-U has, said Fotuhi.

Jude Coates, UVSS director of academics, oversees all course unions at UVic. She said she thinks Vic-U is a great idea.

"I think it's really great that people from different faculties have managed to develop a working relationship."

"I hope it will expand people's awareness about the diversity of people represented on campus, and create a greater sense of solidarity on campus."

Coates said she is particularly interested in the charity events the group has planned, and hopes the group will manage to raise the profile of students in the community.

"Charity work is the ultimate form of subtle activism," she said. "In isolation we don't make much of an impact, but together we can make a difference."

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Algerians protest deportations: Minister says Algeria is safe

by David Parry, The McGill Daily

MONTREAL (CUP) -- A fundamental injustice is being committed by the federal government against over 1,000 non-status Algerians living in Montreal who are soon to be deported, claimed a speaker at a McGill University panel Tuesday, Jan. 28.

"We've been here for four years; in many cases [Algerian] children were born here," said panelist Mohamed Cherpi of the Action Committee of Non-status Algerians. "In October, the government of Canada decided to end the moratorium on deportations to Algeria."

In 1996, the federal government imposed a moratorium on deportations to the North African nation due to an ongoing civil conflict that has claimed at least 150,000 lives. An extension of the moratorium, which recently expired, is set to run out on Jan. 30.

Denis Coderre, minister of citizenship and immigration Canada has said the policy will not result in mass removals, but will focus on people who have exhausted all avenues of appeal.

But critics of the move argue Algeria is still unsafe, and deportations will put non-status Algerians in grave danger. "We asked the question: why? There are still hundreds of deaths [in Algeria] per year," Cherpi said.

Cherpi pointed out that a travel warning that advises Canadians to avoid traveling to Algeria remains intact.

"The Minister of Immigration decided that there was no longer a danger [for Algerians]. This is at the same time as the government is telling its citizens to, under no circumstances, travel to Algeria," he said.

Cherpi argued a trade agreement between Canada and Algeria was an underlying motive for the decision to lift the moratorium.

"Algeria is a very rich country in terms of natural resources ... Jean Chrétien was in Algiers signing a trade agreement with the Algerian President when the decision was made ... [The moratorium] looked bad for the government of Algeria politically," he said.

He also argues the government shifted the onus onto the Algerians by refusing to grant them refugee status. Instead, the government is now allowing them to apply for immigration.

"The government gave us the option of applying as immigrants; if you refuse then you are automatically deported," Cherpi said.

"People need to see how the government is trying to turn the situation," said Harsha Walia, a science student who is involved with the Quebec Public Iinterest Research Group.

But the option to apply as immigrants is not open to all of the non-status Algerians, according to Cherpi.

"In order to stay, we have to meet a certain number of criteria," he said. "For example, a person with medical problems will not be favoured."

The response of the Algerian community has been very vocal. Several protests and marches have been held in Montreal in recent months.

Polar bear environment barely surviving, says Arctic environment expert

by Saarah Shivji and Jhenifer Pabillano

EDMONTON (CUP) -- Polar bears may be extinct in 100 years unless we can stop the effects of global warming, says University of Alberta polar bear expert Dr. Andrew Derocher.

Increased global temperatures are currently melting sea ice, a key part of the Arctic environment and a crucial element in polar bear survival. If current rates of melting continue, the predicted massive loss of sea ice could mean extinction for polar bears.

Polar bears, he explained, use sea ice hunting grounds to prey on bearded and ringed seals, which provide them with the couple 100 kilograms of body fat stores they need to survive during the long summer fast.

With the melting of the sea ice, they have less time in which to feed, and an increased fasting period.

In addition to these worries, pregnant females will not carry through their pregnancies unless they reach a certain body mass.

"Polar bears rely on sea ice, and what they eat also relies on the sea ice," said Derocher.

For the year 2050 and beyond, Derocher says data predicts a major retraction in sea ice due to global warming. The Arctic has been a site for major environmental changes in the last few years, and Derocher is getting nervous for polar bears.

"They're not actually endangered. They're basically what we call a species at risk, or a vulnerable species, a species that requires close monitoring of their trends," said Derocher. "There is new research coming out that looks like the populations in Hudson's Bay may be starting to have some trouble. There's no critical sense that they're endangered right now, but it's quite clear that the trends are worrisome."

Derocher is one of about four polar bear scientists in Canada (three of which are in Alberta), and has been speaking out about the global warming threat to polar bears since 1993. His work focuses on population ecology, or how large Arctic mammals like polar bears live in their environments.

In April, he will head up to the Arctic with a team of scientists, tagging polar bears with Global Positioning System (GPS) collars. The collars transmit their location to satellites, enabling the scientists to closely follow the bears for the next year to study their movements and habits.

Derocher says it will help them monitor climate change and its effects on the polar bears in a more focused manner, and even provide public education about the bears.

"One of my plans is that you'll actually be able to go online and actually see where the bears are. That's something I'll be working with the territorial government, actually, to make that a live sort of thing," he said.

"You've got to be careful; you can't quite make it live, because then people will start saying, 'Oh, I know there's a polar bear right here,' and they'll try to go see it. So there'll be a couple of days delay on it and you'll be able to look at where the bears are."

Derocher said Canada has the bulk of the world's polar bears—two thirds, or 15,000—and has taken some steps to ensure polar bears survive.

"The Kyoto Protocol is a really good first step. I think that shows global leadership from a developed nation. ...If you look at things like acid rain, we've managed to basically deal with that as a problem by using technology and putting appropriate resources to work. So you can make changes, you can respond in a timely fashion."

Eye witness

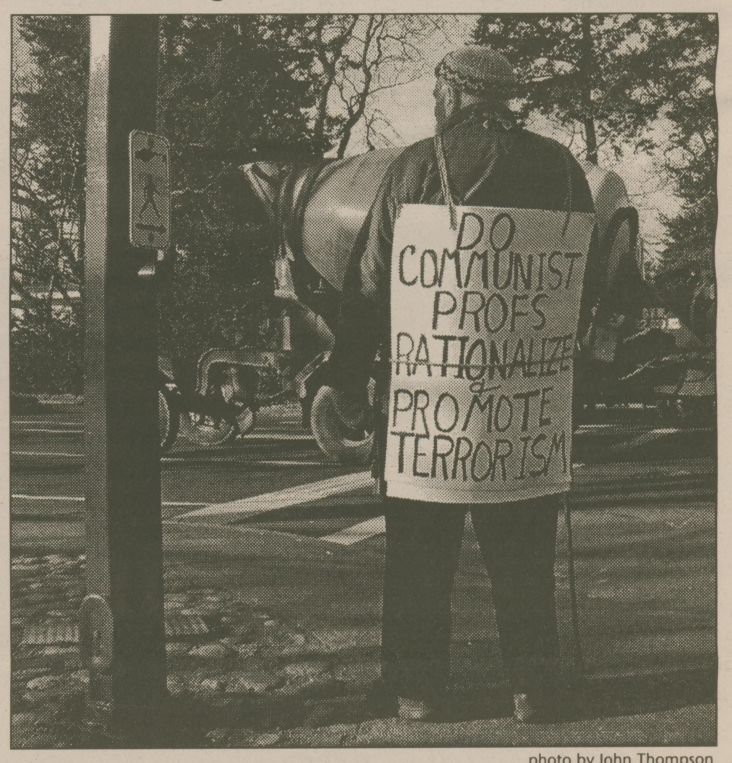

photo by John Thompson

Pinko profs would lament the lack of proper punctuation on Lorenzo Bouchard's placard.

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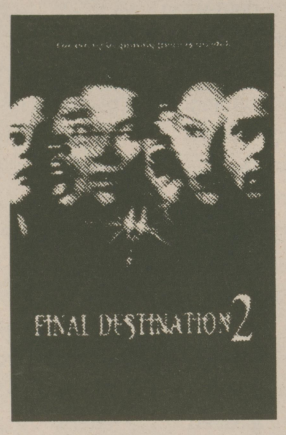

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Editorial

Here goes nothing

SUB B011. 11:45 a.m. Thursday, Jan. 24.

The Martlet *staff votes on the topic of this week's editorial. The following ideas are put forth:*

1. The short attention span of the media/public, with reference to Gordon Campbell's drunk-driving arrest? No. Doesn't get voted in.

2. Something about the threat of war in Iraq? No.

3. The federal NDP leadership convention? Not a chance.

4. The BC Liberals' "Working Forest" policy? Don't even try it.

So what do we vote for?

5. Dobby, Harry Potter's house elf. Fucking Dobby.

So here goes nothing.

Last week, *the Globe and Mail* reported that a Moscow law firm is hoppin' mad about the new *Harry Potter* film, claiming that the self-loathing house elf "Dobby" is a dead ringer for Russian President Vladimir Putin.

At first it sounds funny.

We all had a good laugh.

Then it occured to us: with war looming in Iraq, drunken premiers terrorizing hapless Hawaiians, and an always-stimulating, never mind-numbingly boring NDP leadership race on our plates, why is this getting front-page coverage?

The real Putin has yet to weigh in.

Perhaps he'll post on a *Harry Potter* message board and his comments (under the username RussianHottie2000) will appear on the front page of *the New York Times*.

Maybe, if we're lucky, the other world leaders will get on board and speak publicly about the Dobby-Putin controversy.

If pressed for an opinion, our esteemed Prime Minister Chretien might respond with a quip.

"Putin, what is dat? Poutine, I put it on my plate."

Honestly. Do we not have anything better to talk about?

Ten years ago this would have been inconceivable. Did the Dalai Lama sue *Spy* magazine for pointing out that he looks like Hunter S. Thompson?

No, sir.

Is White House Press Secretary Ari Fleischer going to sue the Internet song parody site that used his name for a spoof of the Guess Who's "Albert Flasher"?

Probably not. He's busy starting a war.

But, yeah, that's beside the point. This isn't about war, it's about Dobby and things related to *Harry Potter*. Where were we?

Ah, yes.

Not only does Dobby resemble the Russian president, but a Norwegian politician has been teased for his resemblance to Harry Potter himself, and has even posed with photos of the boy wizard to show he can "take a joke."

Sweet mother!

Will J.K. Rowling's rampage never end?

Someone's responsible for this. And *the Martlet* knows who: It's the Internet. The goddamn Internet. That's where this whole Dobby-Putin thing got started.

We're putting our foot down. Enough is enough. Bringing people together *and all* that is nice, but there has to be a limit.

Also: Quentin Tarantino. Enough already.

Remember how after *Pulp Fiction*, every big movie suddenly had quirky, obscure pop-culture tidbits thrown in, to make the script hipper?

Bruce Willis and/or Ben Affleck would take time out from saving the Earth to quibble over a plot point from *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

Hey.

It's not cool anymore. The guy's done nothing since *Pulp Fiction*. Sure *Jackie Brown* was cool, but *Destiny Turns On The Radio*? Come on.

Alright, back to the matter at hand. Putin. Dobby. Dobby. Putin. This is important stuff.

You see, it's funny because Dobby *isn't real.* He doesn't even qualify for puppet status. He's a computer simulation who refers to himself in the third person, and bashes his head against things.

[Note: This is not a metaphor. It is a nasty business.]

And Dobby looks like the president of Russia! The Russian president! Some say you can hardly tell them apart!

Oh. Oh that's good.

But soon it's gonna be boring. *Bo*-ring! Then what will we talk about? Who's next?

The floodgates are open for business!

As for Campbell, and Iraq, and the "Working Forests," and (tumbleweed drifting down an empty street) the NDP, look for them elsewhere, in the latter few pages of each section of your local and national dailies.

This is Dobby's time.

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings (each Friday at 11:30 am, in SUB B011). Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

Don't like what you read?

Write us, or write *for* us: martlet@uvic.ca

by jeffrey Weston

Soapbox

What the UVSS doesn't want you to know

How to run your own election campaign

by John Thompson

The UVic students' society is a political clique that perpetuates itself every year through campaigning trade secrets.

Want to learn a few? Read on.

I speak as an insider: For two years, I ran as a candidate on the student union's leftie slate. I was never elected, but to this day people mistake me for a student's society rep. I guess I got my cake and ate it, too: I claim whatever prestige (very little, let me assure you) that comes with being a political representative, without any of the responsibility.

(Eventually, I was elected – as a student senator – last spring. Shamefully, I missed every single committee meeting last semester, being so busy as a newspaper rat. I resigned in December. Maybe everyone who didn't vote for me was right: We're better off without me as a politician.)

I mostly agree with the student union's politics, but the passing down of trade secrets always struck me as a little unfair. Many independents never have a clear idea of how to stage an election campaign themselves. In the end, I think this is a disservice to voters – many of whom feel woefully inequipped when it's time to vote on campus. I also think many feel the whole affair has a staged feel to it, with one highly-organized slate (or, with the recent formation of a reactionary, right-wing slate, two of them) competing against a scatter of independents.

If anyone is thinking of running: You should. Whether students can actually run a multi-million dollar business like the SUB remains an open question, and with tuition fees going up again, having an organized mouthpiece for students is as important as ever.

This is by no means a comprehensive guide, but it does include some pointers I've gleaned from my electioneering experience. I hope it helps.

Campaign Material

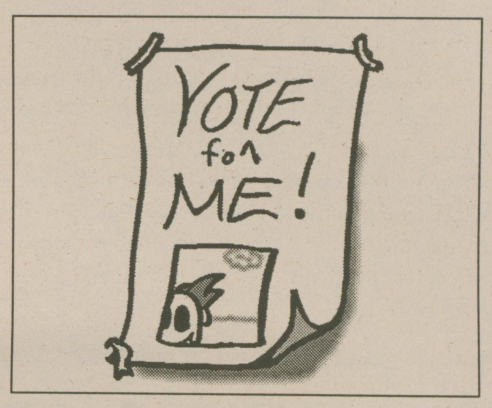
In order to be a successful candidate, you must relearn everything you were taught in preschool. Take advantage of the banner room and the materials inside of it. You will make a mess with paint and learn that, even in university, you still can't paint inside of the lines. Don't let this discourage you.

Banners:

Wonder how those professional looking, clearly-drawn banners are made? Use a computer to make a template design, then photocopy this as a transparency and trace it on your banner with an overhead projector. And remember: Paint big, bright, clean letters.

There are a few choice locations for banners. Plan ahead and secure these early in the morning, with a group of friends and, if necessary, a ladder.

Don't spend too much time: No matter how much tape you use,



chances are the wind will blow your banners down, sooner or later. So make a few back-ups while you're at it, and check the banners you have up several times a day, in case they blow down or need reinforcement.

Handbills:

Don't include your whole election platform. Instead, pick the points that make you stand out from the other candidates, and list these in point form.

Create something that tells students, at a glance, who you are and why they should vote for you. Make yourself stand out.

Be sure to include a headshot of yourself, and your name, in really big letters.

Campaigning:

Work in teams. Whether you're on an official slate or not, try to partner with a few like-minded candidates early on. Campaigning alone can be intimidating, but together you can provide mutual support and keep your spirits up. With this said, avoid mobbing students with your campaign literature in large groups: This terrifies everyone.

Remember: Some people will avoid anyone handing out leaflets like the plague, no matter what. Don't let these grumps discourage you. Stay positive, and focus your energy on people willing to listen to you.

Be positive. Even if your competitors are a bunch of sneaky, foul-mouthed slimeballs, try keeping it clean. When talking to students, try explaining why you are the better choice, rather than ranting about what's wrong with everyone else. Remember that enthusiasm is contagious.

Speak in classrooms. This isn't as terrifying as it sounds, but requires some initial courage. It's worth it: If you can win over an auditorium full of students, your self-confidence will skyrocket. Write a script ahead of time and start in smaller classes, with a partner, working your way up. Introduce yourself, explain why you're running, and tell everyone where and when they can vote. This should only take between 30 seconds and one minute. As you gain confidence, you won't need a partner or a script.

Aim to hit the big classes, and keep moving: you can speak in three or four classrooms before all the professors have started teaching.

Ask them (nicely) if you can speak, but if they haven't arrived yet, ask the class for your attention and give your pitch.

Lastly, keep track of where you've spoken: students become unruly if you accidentally speak in the same class twice.

Once the campaign ends, start drinking like a fish. If you've made it this far, you deserve it. Relax, exhale, and let political rivalries melt away into an alcoholic haze. Whether you've been spreading filthy rumours about each other until now is beside the point: you will soon be working with each other.

Nominations for the UVSS Board of Directors run from Feb. 10-17, before reading break. Campaigning begins immediately after the break, and voting takes place March 5-7.

[2002/2003]

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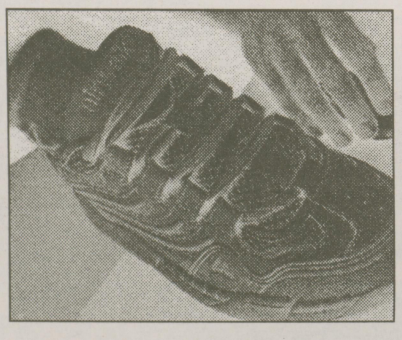
on the spot

What should UVic's new mascot be?

Thunder stolen by Vanessa Neuman, Rich Cole and Jeff Andrew
Footwear by Katrina Sark



Hartley Duinker
2nd year Anthropology

Vanessa: There's a rumour that UVic is changing its mascot. What would you like to see?
Hartley: A radioactive rabbit.
Rich: Sort of like Superman?
Jeff: What we've been hearing is "The UVic Hippie." How would you feel about a Radioactive Hippie?
Hartley: That would be even better. He could have a nuclear thermos. And a pipe. To fight the war against deforestation.
Jeff: Have you heard they're going to be phasing out soccer and beefing up the hacky sack program?
Vanessa: It's a new varsity sport.
Jeff: *A Streamlined Vision For the Future.* Is that something you could get behind?
Hartley: Yeah, I'd support that.
Rich: Right on, brother, right on.

"Burn *this* one down, Ben!!" Thunder takes exception to a *Martlet* reporter's suggestion that he be replaced by "The UVic Hippie."

The croquet pitch
with Andy, Mike, Mike and Tim

Rich: What are you doing?
Andy: Playing croquet.
Jeff: Are you students here?
Mike: No.
Vanessa: Are you thinking about coming to UVic after high school?
Mike: Yeah, possibly.
Jeff: Is it for the croquet? Is that a big thing with high school students?
Andy: Not really. It's still kind of "outside" the mainstream.
Mike: But it is a vicious and aggressive sport.
Jeff: Agreed. The temptation to mis-use those mallets... Have you ever hurt someone? Lost control of yourself on the croquet pitch?
Tim: It is tempting.
Jeff: When I was in high school, it was all about Bocci Ball.
Mike: Yeah, that's dead.

Sonya Schwiersch
4th year Education

Glen Saqui
Computer Science

Jeff: There's a rumour that UVic is changing its mascot, from "Thunder" to "The Hippie."
Glen: Dude, it totally fits!
Rich: What would his weapon be?
Jeff: Maybe a guy walking around playing hacky sack, giving out patchouli oil to first year students.
Rich: Last question: Do you like Snow? The international recording artist?
Jeff: *We have one of his CDs.*
Sonya: I would play it. See if I liked it.
Rich: Can you think of something more destructive?
Jeff: What are the odds of you actually enjoying this album?
Sonya: Pretty low. Slim to none.
(then, as we're walking away)
Glen: Five years! Five years it took me to get into this paper!

Martlet jealous of hot intellect dudes, and other letters

There's nothing wrong with fun
(A response to "OK Go fuck yourselves," *Martlet*, Jan. 16)

Well. If I had any misgivings about my guilty pleasures of indulging in squeaky clean uber-fun power pop, your review would have made me shrink back into my hip indie rawk skin while frantically scrambling to hide my Weezer records near the back of my CD case lest (gasp!) my "too cool" friends notice I'm into catchy music that is on (horrors!) a... major label. Eeeeeew.

Fortunately, I don't give a fuck.

And why should I? Yeah, this CD is sugary, blissful, and (dare I say it?) sentimental, but really – it's delicious. Disposable darlings you say? Sure, I'll rip open the package, gobble up all the tasty production and killer organ licks, maybe linger a while and savour the bright sparkly tempo, polish off the unbridled fucking cuteness of the band and then toss the remnants – but I'll be back for another.

This CD is total candy – yummy, sweet and pretty damn addictive. Maybe not nourishing, but even after the end of a good meal, I still want that tootsie roll. So yeah, after a while, listening to experimental improvisational musical geniuses, or the latest "now wave" rising stars from the ultra chic underground New York scene, or some San Diego grindcore luminaries, I'm still thirsty for pop. Something melodious that I can shake my ass to, or point my finger in the air in time to the beat with my headphones on while I'm riding the bus and everyone is staring at me like I'm crazy, but I don't care cuz I'm digging this music. And I shouldn't have to take flack for it.

And dude – why you gotta playa hate?

Something smacks of jealousy, and could it be: Hot dudes with intellect ARE GETTING LAID? Right, left and centre, sweety: Welcome to the real world. Brains, talent, money and looks? I'm sure Mr. Kulash is having fun right now, and why shouldn't he?

Oh, and one other thing: I do hope "that tomorrow, and the day after, and the one after that, and forever and ever is wicked and awesome." All work and no play makes jack a dull fuck.

Danielle Prokop, CFUV Music Snob

Protesters' efforts wasted
I'm confounded and amused by the amount of attention being given to delaying the development of Cunningham Woods. To me, it is a non-issue. It was decided over 40 years ago that the land in question was to be dedicated expressly towards the needs and growth of our university. This was the foundation on which our university was built.

Besides, construction of more classrooms and labs will benefit many more students than preserving a few acres of scrub and new growth.

It seems to me that the protesters have only found a convenient little outlet for the traditional post-adolescent desire to rebel against authority. If they are truly concerned that new construction should occur on existing parking-space, they could take a productive stance by encouraging use of public transportation to make paved space available, rather than slandering David Turpin and hounding the administration for doing their job.

And if the protesters have so much energy and time to put into causes, there are many more issues of real consequence needing attention. Massive deforestation is occurring here and abroad; human rights are being violated; an unjust war is dangerously close...

So in perspective, it's real darn hard to take the banners and actions of the Cunningham protesters seriously. But I'll have to stop here... I've got classes to go to.

R. Scott Hall

One joke over the Lin
In response to Luke Lin's criticism of Shaquille O'Neal ("One joke over the line," *Martlet* Jan. 16) I'd have to say I agree with you on most aspects of your article.

All of this ties in with the question of "gagging on political correctness" – about where you draw the line between hypersensitivity and rightful anger at the mocking of someone's identity. The abundance of clichés and redundant stereotypes make me question what it means to live in a society where difference leaves people wide open for low blows such as Shaq's comment. Problem is, Shaq has probably been a victim himself of this kind of thing for years and doesn't notice when he inflicts it on Yao.

To give you an idea of what I mean, let's take your scenario of Yao "imitating a monkey" and saying, "Hey, I'm Shaquille O'Neal!"

This may have been totally offhand on your part, but it might be a reflection of a grim reality that nobody wants to face – although black athletes dominate the NBA and other sports, it's also true that more black kids go to prison each year than to university in the U.S. This is not because one race is smarter or better than the other, it's because prejudice is so institutionalized in our society that we associate certain ideas about people based on skin colour/ religion/ sexuality/ whatever without even questioning why we do it.

And the blindness is staggering – in the same way that Shaq didn't see the harm in his comment, most of us see no wrong in the assumptions we make all the time about guys like him. Know what really sickens me? This joke may not have been more offensive than a bad British accent in our minds if "difference" didn't have the immediate connotations of "unequal." In an ideal world, we could laugh off labels such as "Nigger," "Chink," and "Fag," but as long as inequality, violence and shame play a part in our upbringing, our fight for political correctness can't be abandoned yet.

Jenny Uechi

D120: Washroom of the damned
I am writing to complain about the women's bathroom in the foyer of the Clearihue building. This bathroom – D120 – is a pit of stench and filth that never fails to appall me with its lack of cleanliness.

There are bits of toilet paper strewn all over the floor. The counter-top is always covered with water, so you have to put your bag on the floor, which is usually wet, muddy, or dirty.

This bathroom smells of urine all the time, and the seats always seem to have water (or pee) on them. The conditions in there today reached new heights. Two stalls did not have working locks, including the only stall out of three that was equipped with toilet paper.

I understand that the high volume of usage of this facility could account for the foulness of it, but this is just disgusting.

Briony Smith

CENTRAL THAILAND

Adventures with the not-so-*Lonely Planet*

by Joanna Wong
photos by Ursula Watt

"What's the use in going away when you can never get away from yourself?" – Simone DeBeauvoir

When I was 19, I had an affair.

Looking back, I was an easy target: restless, disillusioned and showing all the cliché symptoms of chronic student angst. Skipping out on my World History 101 lectures, I found myself wandering through bookstore travel sections, devouring guidebooks. The places themselves – Mongolia, Uruguay, Bali – were outnumbered only by the companies that made it their business to sell them. Colourful market scenes, eternal sunsets and piercing dark-eyed gazes spilled off an endless array of guidebook covers, offering up a sexy multi-ethnic smorgasbord.

Yet even overwhelmed by choice, I knew there were some unspoken rules to this travel game. Ignoring the *Let's Go! Paris* guidebooks of my parents' generation, I decided Europe was out. It seemed expensive, pre-packaged. Stale. I wanted something hard, something that could make me strong.

And then I found it.

Some call *The Lonely Planet* "the backpackers' bible." It calls itself "the world's leading independent travel publisher." Wildly popular (and notorious) among 18-35-year-old thrill-seekers, *The Lonely Planet* guidebook series currently sells over six million copies a year, and prides itself on mapping out even the most isolated corners of the world.

Lonely.

Planet.

As a child of Marshall McLuhan's globalized "our world is getting smaller" generation, I didn't think these words were still allowed to go together. I liked the sound of them. They were cheeky and smart, ironic enough to get past years of carefully cultivated cynicism. I was seduced. The words "lonely planet" whispered promises of remote jungle territory; clandestine bargaining in alleyways with shifty men named "Juan"; the exciting/terrifying possibility of military coups, land mines, food poisoning, spiders bigger than my head.

Infatuated with *The Lonely Planet*'s irreverent do-it-yourself attitude, I decided we should go away together to Southeast Asia. Even months before my trip, I lustily fingered my way through the pages of *Southeast Asia on a Shoestring* until they were exhausted and dog-eared. When I came home five months later, the book was a spineless, tired mass of pulp.

Like many flings, my relationship with *The Lonely Planet* went through phases. There was adoration, confusion, betrayal, and it ended badly. Three years later, I'm still trying to figure out what the hell happened.

It all started off so well. With *The Lonely Planet* at my side, I felt ready for anything. I had maps to villages that had no telephones, and advice for avoiding a multitude of scams. I had guides to restaurants that served beetles, and language primers that told me how to say "I'm lost" in Lao, Khmer and Indonesian. I knew it offended Thais to be touched on the head, and that wearing tanktops in Southeast Asia was a big cultural no-no. I'd inoculated myself against every "-itis" and disease known to humankind. I felt invincible.

Within hours of arriving in Thailand, I set my sandaled feet onto the ramshackle wooden floorboards of a crowded overnight train bound for Chiang Mai, Thailand's northern capital. Heads turned. Eyes alighted on the amusing sight of a jet-lagged Canadian girl, sweating in the relatively low heat of 32°C and struggling with a backpack as big as a 12-year-old. Small children and old women pointed and laughed, calling out "farang baa." **Crazy foreigner.**

I wanted to sit down, to disappear. The only seat available in the rapidly filling compartment was on a tiny bench beside a monk, a skinny man lost in the billowing folds of his saffron robes. I jammed my backpack into the overhead compartment and sat. The monk inched away, curling up in horror. An elderly man sitting across from me glared, the creases in his brow deepening. Confused, I foggily remembered something *The Lonely Planet* had told me months ago: women cannot touch male monks. I quickly apologized in Thai and traded seats with the glaring man, breathing a silent thank-you to *The Lonely Planet*'s Cultural "Do's and Don'ts" section.

I arrived exhausted in **Chiang Mai** the next morning. At the train station I was assaulted by five touts from different guesthouses, excitedly waving photo albums of beds, T.V.s, and hamburgers. After consulting with the *LP* (I had given my guidebook a nickname), I decided on accommodation at the Banana Guest House. It was cheap, only 50 Baht – about two Canadian dollars – and an *LP* recommendation after all. I was immediately ushered into the back of a pickup truck and taken to a "dorm," a bare room completely covered by eight thin mattresses lined up side-by-side. Even though I had fantasized for the last 15 hours about lying down, I was almost too tired to sleep. The voices of my current dormmates – two chatty English girls – wove in and out of my foggy head.

"Did you know this isn't really the Banana Guest House?" said one of the girls.

Intrigued, I cracked my eyelids halfway open and looked at the girl through the veil of my eyelashes. Her head was covered in tight blond dreads and her hands gestured expressively as she spoke.

"What are you talking about?" the other girl shot back. Looking through my eyelashes, she seemed shiny. I opened my eyes a little wider and saw that heavy silver amulets drooped off her neck, and that dozens of thin Indian bangles cuffed her wrists and ankles.

"It's these bloody lying Thais," continued the dreadlocked girl, her voice straining with anger. "The real Banana Guest House is up the street. This is the Banana Guest House 2. Two Isreali lads downstairs told me all about it. When a Guest House is recommended in *The Lonely Planet* it gets popular, so the Thais build heaps of 'em. What a bunch of tossers."

"It's typical, really," sympathized the jewelry girl. "Thailand's been wrecked. It's a write-off. Everyone's got one of those wretched *Lonely Planets*. You can't go anywhere without running into **scads of other wankers** who're just come to smoke spliffs and get on the piss. I came to study Thai massage, but barely anyone else I've met seems to care about Thai culture."

"Thailand's not the real Asia anyway," scoffed the dreadlocked girl, waving a hand dismissively. "I saw a Starbucks in Bangkok. This place has less culture than a container of yoghurt. India was so much better."

I think the discussion kept going, but I didn't. I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes again, soft diffuse light welcomed afternoon. The dorm was empty. Unsettled by the girls' discussion from the night before, I didn't ask the *LP* where to go for breakfast. I felt a little betrayed. **Cheated.** I headed out into the streets without it, feeling good, if slightly naked.

Backpackers came to Chiang Mai for two reasons. The first was to take lessons. Courses were offered in everything from Muay Thai boxing to massage to Thai cooking. The rest came for trekking. Since the 1970s, travellers had flocked to Chiang Mai and its surrounding areas to trek into "traditional" hill tribe territory. Back then, northern tribes like the Hmong, Akha and Karen were fairly insular communities, rare examples of sustainable living and sheltered from the rapidly modernizing Thailand.

Thirty years of flash photography changed the trekking scene drastically. For many travellers, the **"Hill Tribe Experience"** was often a disillusioning one, with "authenticity" being marketed as blithely as New Coke. Felt-pen posters in front of Chiang Mai travel agents read, without a hint of irony: Thai Star tourist trek give real non-tourist trek. See simple, happy life of traditional hill tribe without other foreigner. Include elephant ride, river rafting and picture with real hill tribe family.

That Thailand had become the big, bloated rock star of so-called alternative travel was old news. I didn't know it at the time, but the dirty secrets of backpacking culture were already getting out. Even a

edia increasingly distracted by O.J.
d Monica had started to notice that
er 1.6 billion of the world's more
unate people were spending 2
on dollars a year travelling away
n their homes – many of them to
theast Asia.

n 1998, Pico Ayer's bestselling
Video Night in Kathmandu
ribed tourists as the "**foot**
lers of the new invasion." Ayer's
phor was meant to refer to the
asing dominance of
merican culture, but it also
ghted the reality that middle-
Westerners were increasingly
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sive parts of the world.
nyone with a credit card," Ayer
ed, "could become a lay
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2000, even Hollywood had
d disenchanted thrill-seekers
niche market. Travel movies
ays been around, but none so
y self-aware as *The Beach*, a
lo DiCaprio flick based on a
the same name. Set in
, the movie publicized the
cialization of travel with a tale
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as the independent travel
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ighlight of Southeast
lue in part to Laos'
status as the region's "least developed and most enigmatic" country. Laos connoisseurs spoke dreamily of children who had never seen foreigners before, of shopkeepers who didn't pester them to buy things. Forget about those lame commercial treks, travellers whispered in conspiratorial tones. Go to Laos now. Soon, before it gets wrecked.

Even the odd sex tourist, usually confined to prostitution hot spots in Thailand, joined the bandwagon. "I've never had sex this cheap," raved one middle-aged Scotsman. "Laotian girls don't have any idea how much their bodies are worth."

Travellers were charmed by Laos' lack of tourism infrastructure, but it sent them crawling back to their guidebooks. While in Laos, the *LP* and I resumed an intensive love/hate relationship. Deep into rural areas, I couldn't survive without the guidebook's exhaustive and generally accurate information. **Like it or not, the *LP* and I were joined at the hip.**

But good maps and restaurant guides aren't the reason *The Lonely Planet* is so successful, and it's not why I was attracted to it in the first place. *The Lonely Planet*, acolyte of independent travel, is a suave and savvy lover. Despite the *LP*'s pivotal role in waking up even the sleepiest corners of the planet, its guidebooks assuage neo-colonialist guilt with sweet talk about a kinder, gentler era of tourism. *Lonely Planet* writers are acutely aware of the social, cultural, economic and ecological impacts of contemporary travel, and go to great pains to advise backpackers how to journey in the most "culturally sensitive" manner possible.

Yet along with this "cultural sensitivity" comes a romanticized idea of what we think the poorer countries we travel to should look like. This, ironically enough, is where *The Lonely Planet* and the independent travel industry are cashing in. *Southeast Asia on a Shoestring* may mention that Chiang Mai treks have become "human zoos," but that doesn't stop the *LP* from waxing poetic about the virtues of places like "underdeveloped" Laos, considered an "unparalleled glimpse of traditional Southeast Asian life." This is absurd. When's the last time you read a *Let's Go! Paris* guidebook that longed for the days of open water sewers and high infant mortality?

Centuries ago, the only people who travelled were merchants, sailors, explorers and immigrants. Later, Victorian-era prosperity gave birth to "the grand tour," a phenomenon that saw gentlemen and gentlewomen take trips around the world to show off their wealth to the folks back home.

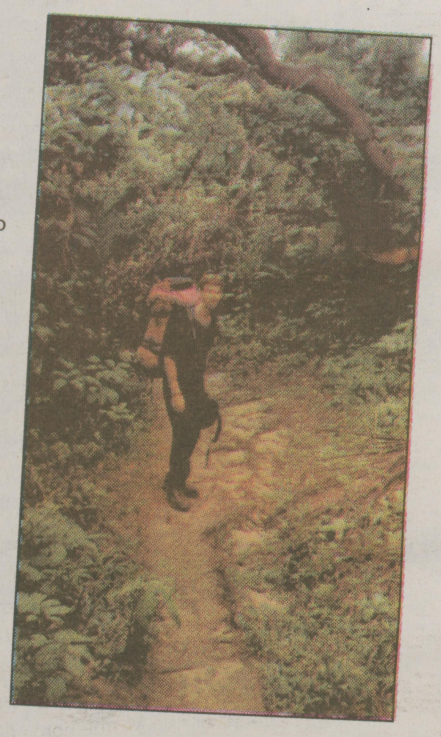
Today's incarnation of international travel is scarcely a generation old. It began in the 1970s, when increased flight services democratized travel and sent crowds of eager backpackers to exotic destinations like Nepal. But over the years, as more and more travellers have piled into places once considered "**off the beaten track,**" many have begun to feel as though they've never left home. The resulting anger and disillusionment has fueled a puritanical indignity that's taken out on guidebooks, and even, as the English girls in my Chiang Mai dorm demonstrated, on other travellers.

Yet despite high-profile movies like *The Beach* and other parodies of backpacking culture in the mainstream, the independent travel industry is far from passé. It is already widely accepted that a long stint away from home, in somewhere like Thailand, is an essential and improving "coming of age" experience. In the last decade, *LP* guidebook sales have jumped from $10 to $82 million, not including profits from a *Lonely Planet* TV show, a travel literature series, phone cards, calendars and CDs. *The Lonely Planet*'s major multinational partners include American Express, Telus, Motorola and AOL, and the company's Web site receives as many as 5.36 million hits in a single 24-hour period.

According to Amazon.com, the *Lonely Planet Guide to Mongolia* is currently outselling the English language edition of the works of Aristotle.

***The Lonely Planet* Empire** has survived the mainstream's backlash against independent travel for the same reasons that consumerism has survived books like Naomi Klein's *No Logo* and movies like *Fight Club*. The *LP* guidebooks have an intuitive understanding of what economists like to call "positional goods" – that is, goods one person can have only if many others do not. Eden may have fallen, but *The Lonely Planet* promises there's always another one around the corner. The independent travel industry is a business, and its products are freedom, uniqueness, authenticity and difference.

Companies like *The Lonely Planet* simply understand that marketing a travelling style has much in common with selling other commodities like clothes. Young shoppers search the racks for "alternative" brands or vintage finds in much the same way hipster backpackers look for the most remote beach bungalow, the most "ancient" hill tribe. And while the



cycle of waste and decadence we know as consumerism is as unsustainable in the travel industry as it is anywhere else, there's no sign of it slowing down.

Things didn't end so well with *The Lonely Planet* and me. During my second week in Laos, I visited the once isolated backwater of Vang Vieng, renowned for its spectacular limestone caves. Although Vang Vieng had only been open to tourists for the past two years, the dusty streets were now lined with Internet cafes, and over 60 new guesthouses had sprung up in the past six months. Yet, compared with the rest of Southeast Asia's crowded backpacking circuit, Vang Vieng was still relatively non-commercialized, and backpackers sat out contentedly in front of their bungalows, smoking cheap pot and grinning that they had finally found **"the real Asia."**

By then, the *LP* and I had settled on a temporary, if abusive, alliance. I would make frequent snide remarks about its bad habits and hypocrisies while we were out together in public. But later, in private, I would cave in and it would laugh smugly as I asked for help. Ours was an affair of convenience, one that ended the moment I got on the plane to go home. For a while after my trip, I felt used. I thought the LP had played my vulnerable idealism, and I came back from Southeast Asia not stronger, but more confused.

But these days, I see my affair with *LP* just like any other relationship. *The Lonely Planet* and I had our fun, and now I have to deal with the morning after. The only real "alternative" to taking responsibility for my backpacking fling is, I suppose, to have abstained and stayed home.

From apathy to arousal: The many moods of Jeff Andrew

by Jeff Andrew

3 Doors Down
Away From The Sun
Universal

I've got nothing against 3 Doors Down. They're the perfect generic modern rock band: not too hard, not too soft. Their sound is unobtrusive, and their songs don't get stuck in my head. To paraphrase Moe from *The Simpsons*, I'm a well-wisher, in that I don't wish 3 Doors Down any specific harm.

It's a real shame that the Wallflowers took the name they did, because it would have been perfect for this band. Nothing about them stands out at all. Look at *Away From The Sun*: it's a perfectly decent album. It's solidly crafted, well-produced, and it comes with a bonus DVD featuring four of their videos and a "Making Of" docu-thing. Which is a nice touch, I guess. The music isn't exactly inspiring, but unlike most radio-rock bands (i.e. Creed and Nickelback), it doesn't *arouse any blood-boiling* hatred in me either.

But what does it mean when the best thing you can say about a band is that they're not as itchingly, spine-twistingly, fingernails-on-a-chalkboard annoying as most of their peers? It's a sad waste to think that with access to a major label's money and a state-of-the-art recording studio, 3 Doors Down have failed to elicit even a basic emotional response from me. I could have loved this album or I could have hated it; either would have been preferable. As it is, all I did was forget it.

Oh well. At least it isn't "nu-metal."

Staggered Crossing
Last Summer We Were Famous
Outside Music

Staggered Crossing aren't bad, really, just bland.

This album is called *Last Summer We Were Famous*. Yup. Can't argue with that. Although wasn't it more like three summers ago? And didn't their big song (the name escapes me) mention the 401? "Headin' out on the 401... Come and get me movin'..." I think that was it. Could be wrong, though. Seems like a long time ago.

I guess even then, "StagX" knew that their time was limited. Now that it's all over, it's nice to see that they're not bitter. In fact, they've chosen to commemorate their has-been status in the album title.

Good for them, I say. It's important to deal with and purge traumatic experiences so you can get on with the business of making boring music that no one will ever listen to.

Although, to be honest, I wouldn't call nabbing the supporting slot on the second night of the Ottawa Tulip Festival "famous."

Goodbye! See ya' on the 401...

MXPX
Ten Years and Running
Tooth & Nail

This is a pretty good album. If you like happy-melody punk, MXPX are your boys.

Personally, I prefer my punk rock angry, like Black Flag ("We are tired of your abuse! Try to stop us, it's no use!"), or political, like Propaghandi ("If this country is so goddamn free, then I'll burn your fucking flag any time I damn well please!"), or strange and twisted, like TSOL ("I wanna fuck the dead!"), but MXPX are alright.

This album rocks exactly as hard as it needs to. The songs are catchy and energetic, they're all about two minutes long, and they demonstrate a solid understanding of the relationship between the kick drum and the bass guitar. I like it.

MXPX sounds like a band that smiles a lot. Further evidence of this can be found in the CD booklet, which features pictures of them smiling a lot. Judging by their T-shirts, the drummer is a vegetarian and the guy who I think is the bass player (he has tattoos covering both arms – this is good. Tattoos are a prerequisite for being in a punk band.) likes Rancid.

That's cool. I'm a vegetarian, and I like Rancid too. But you know, Rancid doesn't smile very much. They sneer. A lot. And isn't sneering kind of what punk rock is supposed to be about? "God Save The Queen!""White Riot!""Stick The Fucking Flag Up Your Goddamn Ass!"

Could we get a little more "fuck you!", please? Anyone?

There are a couple pictures here of MXPX sneering, but you can tell their hearts aren't in it. That's okay. At least they're fun to listen to.

photo by jocelyn beyak

"Ah, Kathleen. It's good to hear from you..." Jeff Andrew revisits his ninth-grade crush.

Kathleen Edwards
Failer
Rounder

Now this one I like. Acoustic guitar, pedal steel, twangy chicken-picked leads. Strong, honest songs. An aching, deliciously world-weary voice. Yes. This music feels good. It's pleasantly unhealthy, like coffee and a cigarette after a greasy truckstop breakfast.

Of course, I may be somewhat biased. 'Cause here's the kicker: Kathleen Edwards and I went to the same high school. In Ottawa. Merivale High School, if anybody cares.

I was in grade nine. I had a crush on her. She was in grade 12 (I think – I never actually talked to her).

She was a performance/artistic type, and I was in a theatre class. She used to hang out in the classroom, talking and playing guitar with Mr. Wyzinski, our jocular, hilarious, overweight drama teacher (that year for Halloween he wore a one-piece, full-body Star Trek uniform. It was skin-tight. Thank God his phaser was only set to "stun.")

I had been playing guitar for about a year then, and I remember thinking two things: "Shit, she's good!" (which she was), and "Shit, she's beautiful" (which she was).

And still is. Now, after like eight years of not thinking about her (eight years ago! – what the fuck?), I've got this album in my hands. And it's all flooding back.

The album, naturally, is excellent. It was recorded in Ottawa, but it sounds like Nashville. By that I mean the old Nashville, the way it was when Johnny Cash ran the place. Not the young country shit-factory it is now.

It's great because it's Kathleen Edwards. She tips her hat to Emmylou Harris and Lucinda Williams, but it's her voice and her guitar all the way through. The same girl who sang Dire Straits' "Romeo and Juliet" at the school play. The same girl who gave me chills from across the drama room floor, in another city and another time.

Ah, Kathleen. It's good to hear from you.

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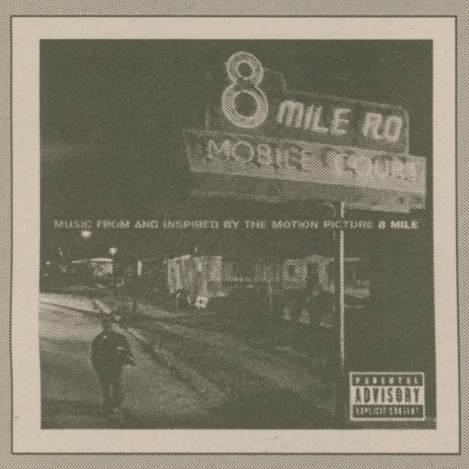
Eminem makes the big transition from insult to Hollywood insult



Various artists
8 Mile Soundtrack
Interscope Records

by Jon Pentney

Eminem has taken time away from spewing insults to take on Hollywood with a film roughly based on his life. Hailed as the new *Rocky* for the MTV generation, the semi-biographical powerhouse *8 Mile* has been a success at the box office.

The soundtrack for the film has been equally anticipated, largely due to the smash hit single "Lose Yourself." The boogey-monster of rap gathered a major squad for the 16-cut soundtrack. The disc features an all-star cast of hip-hop acts, including Eminem (of course), Xzibit, D12, Jay-Z, Nas, 50 Cent, GangStarr, Rakim, and more. With such talented MCs on the bill, this soundtrack may go down as one of the best hip-hop soundtracks ever, rivaling classics such as *Bulworth*, *The Show*, and *Gang Related*.

Just about every living person on this planet with a decent sense of hearing (and some without it) has heard the fist-pumping anthem "Lose Yourself." If *8 Mile* is the modern *Rocky*, then "Lose Yourself" is the new "Eye of the Tiger."

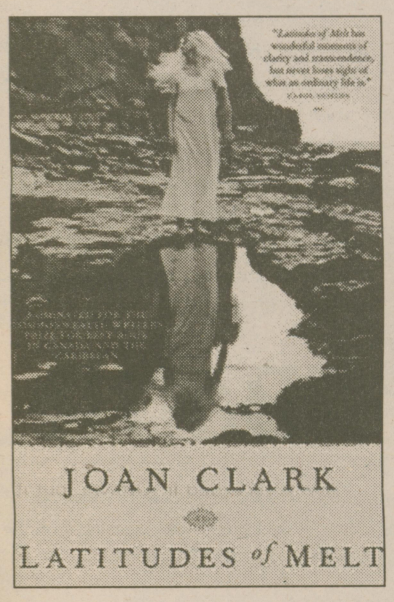
Eminem has three other tracks on the album, the hottest being the conclusion to the set, "Rabbit Run." Even though the entire track is one long verse, it is still one of the most lyrically impressive tracks of the year and one that everyone should go out of their way to hear. Eminem's other jams, "Love Me" (featuring Obie Trice & 50 Cent) and "8 Mile" are both top notch songs. However, "8 Mile" stands out with an amazing beat and story.

Shady Records employee Obie Trice turns in the growling "Adrenaline Rush," while 50 Cent delivers the edgy, yet catchy, "Places to Go," and later, the less exciting "Wanksta." 50 Cent, who recently signed to Shady Records, pops up again with Eminem on D12's "Rap Game," one of the best songs that the Detroit group has put onto tape.

However, the *8 Mile* soundtrack isn't just a Shady Records sampler. Eminem has also brought along some celebrity friends. It is interesting that Eminem put adversaries Jay-Z and Nas on the same album. Sadly though, Nas wastes more valuable studio time dissing Jay-Z (ladi-fricken-da) on "You Wanna Be Me." The Jay-Z track, "8 Miles and Runnin'," (featuring Freeway) is an intense song with high-speed vocals. Xzibit, another amazing MC, douses "Spitshine" with his usual arrogant (but entertaining) music and lyrics.

Em should also be commended for being conscious of the movie's time period. It takes place in 1995, and he smartly grabbed tracks by Rakim and GangStarr to represent the era. Not even the baffling inclusion of Macy Gray's monotonous ballad "Time of Your Life" can sink this project.

Bottom Line: Looks like Eminem is headed to familiar territory - the top of the charts



Latitudes of Melt
by Joan Clark
Knopf

by Lindsey Starr

Such recent novels as Timothy Findley's *The Piano Man*, Jane Urquhart's *Away* and Margaret Atwood's *The Blind Assassin* all weave a mythologized past with the present day. Most centre around a mystery that, due to time, distance or pride, remains buried in the past until circumstances dictate they be revealed as a character's attempt at closure before death.

Joan Clark's *Latitudes of Melt* is a welcome addition to this vein of storytelling. It fuses the 20th century obsession with the tragedy of the Titanic with a simple Newfoundland family's story.

Set in the small fishing community of Drook, the book follows the discovery of a baby girl by two fishermen on an ice flow shortly after the sinking of the Titanic. Aurora, as they name her, is instantly a favorite. Her one blue-eye and one brown-eye and shock of white hair immediately set her apart from the rest of the local villagers. The superstitious Newfoundlanders decide that she is not a lost child, but a faerie changeling – an assumption that her dreaminess and preference for spending most of her days either lost in books or along the shores of her small fishing community do nothing to dispel.

Eventually, Aurora finds a man as dreamy and whimsical as she is and they marry and start a family. It is not until old age that her own children seek to solve the mystery of her heritage in an attempt to try and repair the distance they feel from a mother without a sense of place.

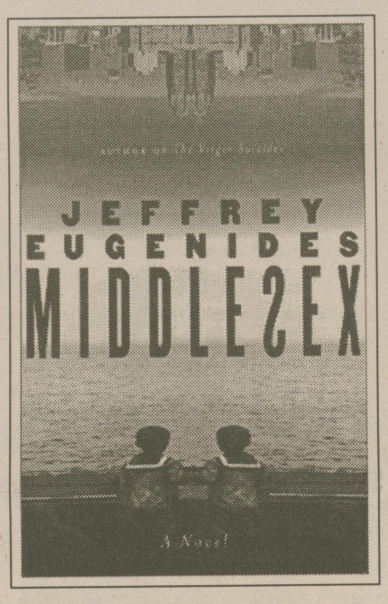
The novel follows Aurora's journey from Ireland, Newfoundland and the great ship Titanic with a keen focus on detail. Everything – from table settings to laundry to a walk along the shore – is written with a descriptive eye.

The simple plot is not the driving force of *Latitudes of Melt*. The detailed description of the Titanic brings to mind images from the 1997 blockbuster film, rather than any new perspective.

Where Clark manages to shine is in her obvious love of an eastern landscape and a skill for creating compelling characters. These aren't people who have accomplished much that is exciting in life. Nevertheless, their lives pulse with complexity and dramatic energy.

The term "latitudes of melt" refers to the latitude on the earth's surface where frozen water melts. It is used in the novel as a metaphor for Aurora's family's inability to express their emotions.

The novel, aptly named, is gracefully written and works hard to create an accurate depiction of early 20th century life. This, coupled with the gentleness of Clark's language and the introspection of her characters makes the story well worth the effort to read.



Middlesex
Jeffrey Eugenides
Farrar Straus & Giroux

by Aija White

It is important that Jeffrey Eugenides' origins are Greek. Not in a jovial, overproduced *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* kind of way, but in a more understated, authentic fashion. Think Greek philosophy. Not often explored in modern literature, this is the dark underworld of Greece – the melancholic lament that permeates every sentence of Eugenides' recent novel *Middlesex*.

As the follow-up to the critically acclaimed debut *The Virgin Suicides* (made into a film by Sofia Coppola), many expected Eugenides' second book to follow a similar vein. Namely, a chorus of teens recounting some morbid neighborhood event. Rather, Eugenides has delivered a truly unique and creative (yet predictably Grecian) epic.

In a striking Homeric tribute, we are submerged in a world that is at once foreign and familiar. The familiarity lays in the Americana of 1960 Detroit and the family relationships that bloom under our narrator's watchful eye. The foreignness creeps in when Eugenides introduces the main character: Calliope, or Cal, as she prefers to be known.

Born in Detroit, Cal's experiences as a youth in America in the '60s are far removed from the traditional touchstones of childhood. What makes Cal different from most of America is that she is a hermaphrodite. Born with genital structures specific to both genders, Cal discovers the truth about her "strange fruit" in adolescence. After a heartbreaking affair with a classmate and the ensuing discovery of her unique anatomical structure, Cal becomes a runaway, and completes the transition to become a fully self-identified male.

However, this isn't all that comprises the story. It's an epic, remember?

Cal follows the odyssey of a gene that infrequently produces hermaphrodites, produced years before his birth. Beginning with the forbidden love of a brother and sister in the pastoral Greek village of Bithnya during World War One, and the act of incest that eventually produces our hermaphroditic protagonist, the narrative sweeps to modern-day Berlin.

Cal's exploration of the past is mirrored in his own sexual awakening, raising issues of sexuality, choice, identity, and science.

I was struck by the ease with which Eugenides inhabits Cal's body. Though initially it feels like driving a stick shift for the first time – everything in the wrong place, with extra appendages, and so on – eventually things smooth out, and the unpredictable, detailed prose gives weight and quality to each element of the story.

The plot becomes precariously elaborate as oblique references and recurring themes of subjects as diverse as silkworms, Islam, and Prohibition in 1920s Detroit make repeat appearances in Cal's monologue. I hung on until the end just to see if the author could pull it all off.

The result is a textured, fiesta-like descent into an opium den of fact mingled with fantasy – a contemporary discussion of the twinned nature of biology and culture.

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Grace Nocturnal take it to the *Limits* one more time

by Vanessa Neuman

It was a dark night in the Nevada desert when the girl in the moon (or the girl laying on the crescent moon) told the five young men below that they were to form a band together.

These things come about in strange ways sometimes.

Having first seen Grace Nocturnal play a few months earlier, and having perused their website (www.gracenocturnal.com), I know a little something about the band before I go to meet them. The five-member group hails from our beautiful city and has recently released their debut CD, *City Limits*. They have currently been working on some new material and preparing to open for Sam Roberts at both his Vancouver and his Victoria gigs. When I had originally seen them play, I realized at once that I had found a true rock band. Because honestly, once you have heard Grace Nocturnal, that is the first and foremost thought that comes to mind. Not Strokes-esque rock, mind you, which too many people these days seem to think is the only kind of rock, but late '60s mod/garage, early '70s glam inspired magic.

With their leather jackets and a live show that would bring to mind thoughts of the Stones, if only we were our parent's age, the music of Grace Nocturnal is something that begs to be experienced live. The energy exhibited by all five members when playing is intense. Marty Zylstra's vocals and flawless lead-singer stage antics are matched perfectly by the guitar playing wizardry of both Rolla Olak and Travis Smyth, while bassist Leigh Grisewood and drummer Luke Renshaw make up an unstoppable rhythm section. Their tunes are infectious and their shows end all too soon.

It is another dark night in Victoria (a long ways from Nevada) and a full moon shines down on me as I venture into Vic West to interview the members of Grace Nocturnal (the product of that fateful night) at their rehearsal studio.

No messages from the skies this time though, just the crisp air of a West Coast evening behind me as I enter their underground lair. After having asked a few of the basic questions that usually start any interview with any band ("Where did you get your name?" "How long have you been together?" etc.) I kind of get the feeling of what this interview is going to be like. For one thing, when they tell me about the girl in the moon I am also told that at the same time the stars aligned in the words "grace nocturnal." Hence their name.

Divine intervention, or just a product of some really strong tequila? That's left up to their discerning listeners to decide. The band seemingly exists in a state of semi-playfulness and semi-intensity: in between (or more often during) my questioning some of the members about a facet of their music I am entertained by the others' antics. Their manager, Matt Quinn, sits in the corner periodically rolling his eyes and laughing. According to the band they play "edgy semi-fun rock and roll" which, Travis says, means that they get to "play the music we want to hear but just isn't around." And it seems to be catching on. Since the release of their CD they have been getting more exposure and attention than before. Undoubtedly playing with Sam Roberts for his two shows at the Commodore in Vancouver will give them some good publicity.

So what is their secret behind making the music and playing the great shows? Well, despite the fact that Rolla originally made a typically Canadian reference to a hockey game, his words still ring true, "You have to go out and work hard, no matter what, no matter weather you're tired or not." And that attitude shows. Travis recorded their CD himself, a fact that he has every right to be proud of.

So what has been the public's reaction to all this? Well it seems that they are catching on. Travis told me that a good show meant he could look out into the audience and see people really getting into the music.

I was laughingly told the story of some guy at one of their shows who went a little overboard. Apparently, he had found a pair of discarded drumsticks and was subsequently drumming along to the music, using a beer glass perched on the side of the stage as his instrument. Unfortunately he didn't know his own skill (or strength), and the glass shattered, spraying that part of the stage, including Travis' pedals, with glass, a fact which Travis didn't quite realize until he was packing up his equipment at the end of the night.

It seems that rock and roll can be hazardous to one's health. I doubt the members of Grace Nocturnal are particularly worried about that though; after all, as long as the people listening to them are enjoying the music they're happy too. Vive le Rock 'n Roll!

All right, it's neither underground nor lair-like nor does it appear to be a particularly fiendish place, but the abundance of Dr. Evil quotes they regaled me with just had to be fit in somehow.

Grace Nocturnal will be playing with Little Hannah and Retrograde at Soundgarden on Jan. 31. They will also be opening for Sam Roberts when he plays Legends on Feb. 9.

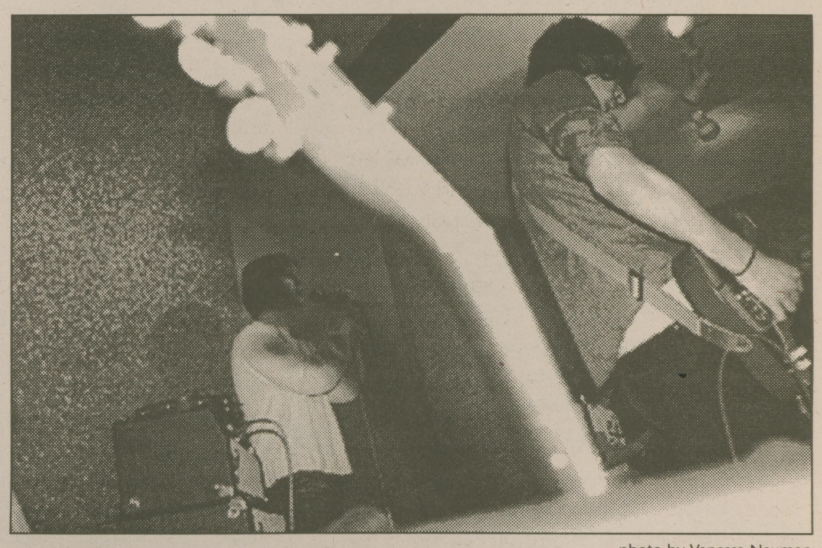
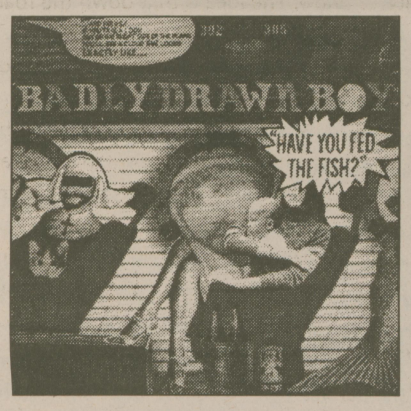


photo by Vanessa Neuman

Nocturnal emissions: This Vic West combo really knows how to rock

Badly done: BDB fish disc bewilders Battle



Badly Drawn Boy
Have You Fed the Fish?
XL Recordings

by Craig Battle

It was summer. It was Terrace, B.C. I had just been dumped by a woman named Britt, who we don't need to talk about right now, and I may or may not have just run over a frog with my Sentra.

There was music on the stereo, though I made a point of not listening to it. It wasn't Badly Drawn Boy's *Hour of Bewilderbeast.* Had it been, I would have been much better off.

Whether I did or didn't run over that frog, I didn't care.

That summer I listened to lots of albums, not many of which I still listen to. *Bewilderbeast* has stuck with me. It begins with this cello solo and on first listen I thought, "All right, then. Get on with it." Pretty soon, I was thinking, "Slow down. What's the hurry?"

Let me put this another way.

Bewilderbeast is the boy in the schoolyard you lazily suspect is torturing insects with a magnifying glass behind everyone's back. You don't know what to make of him at first, he is just so weird, but before long you are getting his back when the seventh graders come looking for punching bags.

Later, much later, you appear on *Larry King* talking about how you knew him when.

The album – it will help if you forget about that schoolyard metaphor altogether now – fits all moods. Though, like I said, I wasn't playing it on the way back home from Britt's cabin. A short play:

Me: I had a really nice time.
She: Is it okay if we're just friends?
Me: Totally.

But back to the topic at hand. There is no mood for the new album, *Have You Fed the Fish?* It is full of monotonous poorly thought-out parlor rock.

It fits nowhere.

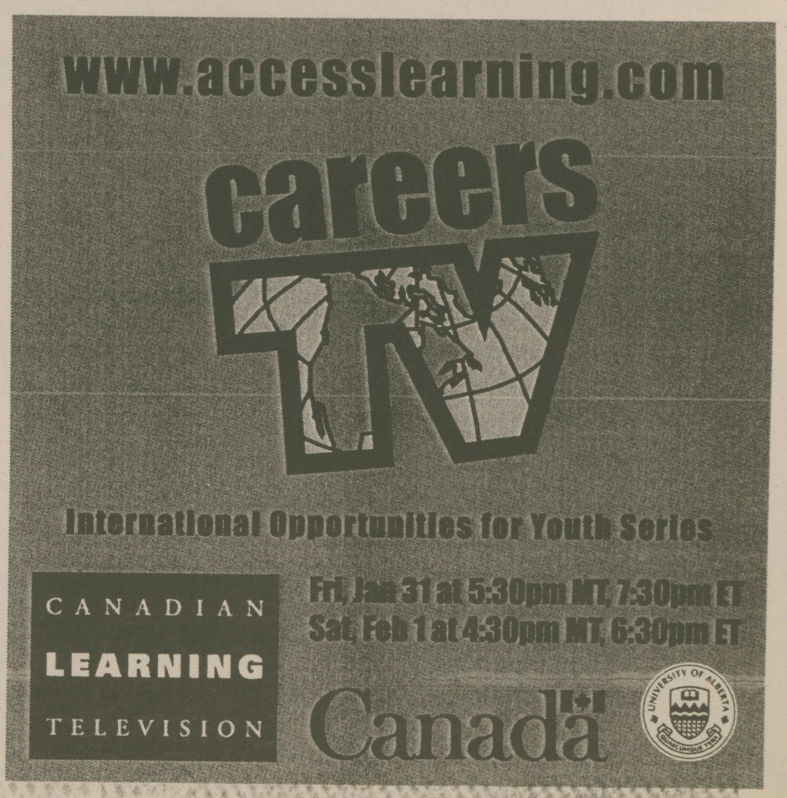
Actually, that's not true.

I can see "Tickets to What You Need," a twangy number off the new one, playing in a meat-packing plant, say, downtown Omaha. The boss has just cut wages again and fired the janitor, which is too bad really, because there is no ventilation anymore and Sandy has taken to throwing up at her station every afternoon. When the song comes on the radio, a guy named Petey drops his cleaver and says, "That's it. This is the last straw."

There is also a direct but uncredited Marvin Gaye ripoff called, "The Further I Slide." Seriously. Sounds just like "Sexual Healing." This could show up at an awards show sometime soon, way in the background, before whoever the host is throws it to commercial.

To sum up: Badly Drawn Boy has lost it.

I am all emotional. I can recommend this album only to masochists.



Digging up the dearth in UVic's athletic award funding

by Iain McLetchie

An athletic study released by Canadian Interuniversity Sport (CIS) in December has left many UVic athletic administrators and coaches wondering how the school's sports teams will remain competitive following the implementation of the new CIS athletic awards rules.

The survey, which is based on data collected from Canadian universities regarding the awarding of athletic awards for the 2001-2002 season, shows UVic lagging behind other Western universities in the overall amount of money awarded to it and in the number of athletes receiving the awards. According to the CIS survey, UVic awarded $43,601 to 188 CIS-registered athletes, an average award of $232 per athlete. That amount pales in comparison to UBC, which averaged $940 for its 297 athletes, and to SFU, which gave an average award of $1471 to its 22 athletes.

For UVic coaches, the stats are of grave concern. With CIS schools now offering athletic awards, scholarships given on the sole basis of athletic ability, an instant war has emerged that centres around what universities can offer recruits. While the amount of those awards is limited to tuition and fees, UVic has yet to reach the point where it can offer that much to prospective recruits and current athletes.

"There used to be three typical questions recruits would ask," says men's basketball coach Guy Vetrie. "'Who else are you recruiting? How much time will I get? And when do we practice?' Now, one of the first questions you hear is, 'What are you offering financially?'"

For Vetrie, whose sport is one of the best-funded in the CIS, with an average award of $683, the last question is the one that causes the most concerns. He has to recruit against not only the deep pockets of UBC and SFU, but also against the full-rides offered to athletes by American schools.

"The more knowledgeable families know what's out there, and don't hesitate to bring it up," he states. "All it takes is for one school to offer it, and it goes from there."

Cross-country coach Brent Fougner has seen the other end of the spectrum. According to CIS figures, cross-country is one of the least-funded sports offered, with men receiving an average athletic award of $52 and women getting $103. While those numbers are a concern right now, the future also has Fougner's attention.

"In the next two years, (the lack of scholarships) will be a huge factor," says Fougner, whose women's team has won four straight CIS championships. "UBC and SFU are raising a lot of money, and a lot of runners are going south. If we could offer tuition to 80 percent of the team, we would have a whole different team."

And therein lies the key to athletic scholarships. The *CIS Athletes Guide* states that "The value and quantity of athletic-related awards and bursaries available varies from institution to institution." At UVic, athletic awards are raised through gifts and sponsorships from individuals and corporations, rather than being included in the athletic budget. As a result, UVic's athletic awards are beholden to the whims of donors.

UVic development officer Brent Dobbie is responsible for developing the relationships that may result in donations to the university. It is not an easy task, especially for a relatively young university with fewer alumni than most universities. Furthermore, UVic is situated in a mid-sized city, which is home to very few national corporate head offices, bringing little benefit to the situation.

The annual UVic Golf Classic tournament, proceeds of which go straight into athletic awards, raised $45,000 this season, and has raised $240,000 in its six years of life. It's an impressive amount, but slips into the back alley when compared to UBC's Breakfast of Champions, which raised $256,000 in 2001, a figure that was matched by the university before being placed into UBC's athletic awards. Dobbie, however, takes the process one step at a time.

"Most donors are excited to give a kid the opportunity to play. Others have played for UVic, and want to give back to the school now that they're in a position where they can," Dobbie says of individual donors. "The donor has the discretion of saying which team the money can go, but not to whom it can go. We're really beholden to what the donor wishes, but we usually suggest placing the money in an endowment fund."

However, for the money to be placed in an endowment fund, a minimum on $10,000 must already be present. That investment gives an award of roughly $500 each year, as the university tries to give out five per cent of the original award yearly. But some UVic coaches would like to see a different approach, one where half the original amount is given out immediately, and the other half is placed in an endowment fund. Their reason is simple.

"We'd take care of our needs now and have some for later," theorizes Fougner, whose view is shared by Vetrie. "If we don't keep up with UBC and SFU now, how can we make up the gap later? It makes it a lot tougher."

Dobbie sympathizes with the coaches' views, but sticks with the original game plan.

"It would be fantastic if we could do that, but our goal is to build for the future," he says. "It would be more of a band-aid for now, but the future would suffer. We want to build strong for the future and that means sacrificing now. It's a Catch-22 situation. In a perfect world, we could make the breakdown, but it also depends on the donors, who have pretty much all the say... and most of them want to do it forever, to leave a legacy."

Dobbie cites the Wally Milligan Award, which was recently endowed. Milligan, UVic's first soccer coach, passed away a few years ago and his players wanted a way to remember him. An original amount, now worth approximately $82,000, was placed into an endowment fund. $3750 will be available yearly from the fund, with the placement at the discretion of UVic's soccer coach. The fund will benefit UVic's soccer team right away, as per the donors wishes, but will also be available into the future.

According to Lori Nolt, director of student awards, there are other types of funding available to UVic athletes, including bursaries, which are generally based on financial need, and scholarships with athletic components. Both types of awards are not reflected in the CIS survey, which only deals with strictly athletic awards. Many UVic athletes also receive the BC Athlete Assistance Plan (BCAAP), an award given by the B.C. government that pays $450 for the year. Once again, that amount pales in comparison to the Jimmy Condon Award, given by the government of Alberta to a vast majority of post-secondary athletes in that province. The Jimmy Condon award has risen in value to $1800 per year, while the BCAAP has dropped like a rock from $1400 five years ago and is scheduled to be scrapped altogether in the next two years.

Nolt says the main concern for her department is to provide athletes, most of whom don't have the time to work, with enough funding to get by.

"When we have an athletic award or bursary, we first assess if the athlete has financial need," states Nolt, referring to the basic requirement of bursaries. "A list of eligible candidates is given to Athletics, and they choose the recipient. We try to work together with the athletes and spread the money around."

Bursaries and academic scholarships are regulated and budgeted for by the university and change little year by year, although the amount given to the overall student body, including student athletes, has increased this school year. While there is some question among coaches as to how evenly those awards are spread between teams, despite the process mentioned by Nolt, there remains one way that athletic teams can receive more money in scholarships: increase the amount in the Vikes Athletic Awards endowment fund. That amount is gradually increasing, but the debate always comes back to one major point: an overall lack of money right now.

"It's very frustrating," grimaces field hockey coach Lynn Beecroft, who is in direct competition with UBC over athletes. "We can't even come remotely close to what other schools can offer. I would love to give every kid tuition."

Beecroft will have to settle for what she can get right now, which according to UVic figures was a mere $4950 in athletic awards for six athletes during the 2001-2002 school year. That's not much for a CIS championship squad. Fougner's women's cross-country team, also a CIS championship squad, received $10,170 for eight athletes, while Vetrie's team distributed $13,576 between seven athletes. None of those figures are overwhelming, and all are given on the basis of donors' wishes, meaning simply that more money was available to cross-country and basketball from donors than field hockey.

Dobbie understands the problems UVic coaches face, but there isn't a whole lot the Development Office can do in the short run.

"We're trying to keep our awards as generic as possible," he states. "Obviously we'd love to have a general fund, but that's not realistic right now. The idea is that down the road we'll be in better shape to help everyone."

That's welcome news to the under-funded Fougner, but he might want that money right now. With three potential recruits heading to the world junior championships, he may need to dangle significant-sized carrots in front of them if he has any chance of getting them onto the UVic campus. According to Fougner, "one would make a program" and all three would have his team set well into the future. But with uncertainty regarding finances, he isn't sure what will happen.

"They would be here if I could offer them tuition," Fougner reflects in a near-whisper. "But I don't know where we are, because I don't know what we can offer them. I can't guarantee anything because we already have limited money for our team."

It's a viewpoint Beecroft is forced to agree with.

"I'd love to see all teams and all athletes funded to the same degree, on the national level," she says. "(But) the rich will get richer, it's the same philosophy in sports. We shouldn't have to choose between athletes and teams."

> Recruits would ask, 'Who else are you recruiting? How much time will I get? And when do we practice?' Now, one of the first questions you hear is, 'What are you offering financially?'
>
> *Guy Vetrie, men's basketball coach*

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Sports Call

Boo! on olympic bid commercial

Ruth Knoop finds corporate ad exploitive, offensive, and more rank than camembert

by Ruth Knoop

The Vancouver 2010 Bid Corporation (VBC) is carrying out a heavy advertising campaign to promote their bid for the 14th Winter Olympic Games.

The event comes with a hefty price tag – approximately $34 million. But, according to the official Web site, the long-term benefits – new sporting facilities, an expanded Sea-to-Sky highway, and a large revenue boost to B.C. tourism – are said to outweigh the initial costs. The VBC hopes the provincial and federal governments will contribute $9.1 million, with the remaining $16 million coming from corporate sponsorship.

Judging from the advertising for the bid, it appears the money is not yet in the bank.

Cheesy commercials, focusing on past, present and future Canadian athletes are expected. After all, the Olympics are a sporting event. However, the VBC has taken this kind of advertising to a new low, by focusing on minority groups.

I recently saw a T.V. commercial promoting the bid, featuring Roy Henry Vickers, a First Nations chief from Tofino, and much Native music and dance. The 30-second spot begins with Vickers stating his Olympic dream. My first thought while I watched was, "alright, another Canadian athlete with an aspiring sporting goal." But, as it turns out, Vickers' dream is to perform the Peace Dance at the opening ceremonies - but only if the Olympic Games are held in Vancouver.

I was shocked.

This commercial is ridiculous. How dare the VBC attempt to exploit this man and his traditions to further their chances of winning the Olympic bid? The commercial is little more than an attempt to gain sympathy and compassion from the residents of this province – most of whom are presently opposed to or undecided about hosting the Olympiad. People might not support a bid centered on sport and Canadian athletes, but mention a minority group and they might change their mind? I wonder how much money First Nations people will donate to the VBC now that they've been given this publicity. My hope is none.

How dumb does the corporation think the residents of B.C. are? Do they not think we won't see through this little propaganda technique? It angers me that they would resort to exploiting this man, in hopes of achieving a monetary benefit. The First Nations have many sacred traditions and rituals, which would be a beautiful addition to both the opening and closing ceremonies, as a representation of B.C.'s culture. It saddens me to see the VBC selfishly use this as an excuse to propagate their own desires.

I would love to see the Olympic Games held in Vancouver, but not by these means. Perhaps the VBC should step back and take a look at their campaign. If they can't base their bid on sport alone, then perhaps it is not our turn to shine.

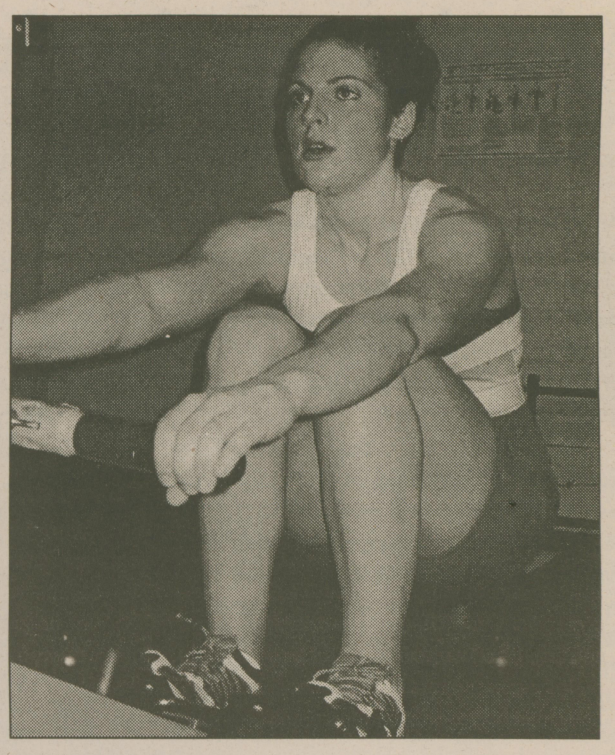

photo by Jennifer Bowles

Varsity rower Faraley Vander Schilden and the Vikes will wake the Monster Erg this Saturday in the McKinnon Gym. Over 500 athletes participate annually in this, Western Canada's only qualifier event for the World Indoor Rowing Championships. Competition begins at 9:30 a.m. and will continue through to the late afternoon.

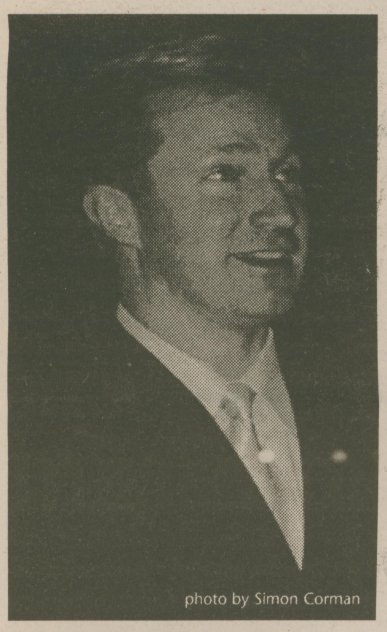

photo by Simon Corman

World's greatest blind athlete remains driven

by Simon Corman

"How successfully you deal with adversity determines how successful you become as a person," said Craig MacFarlane, speaking last Thursday evening in the University Centre auditorium.

MacFarlane's story is an inspirational account of sporting success: he overcame blindness to excel in everything from competitive wrestling to freestyle water-skiing.

Since losing his eyesight in an accident at age two, MacFarlane has never considered his blindness a handicap. Instead he chooses to regard it as a minor inconvenience.

At the age of six MacFarlane left his home in Sault Ste. Marie to attend a school for the blind, nearly 800 km away from home. A teacher suggested that MacFarlane give wrestling a try, as a way to deal with the isolation he faced being away from family and friends for the first time. The rest, as he likes to say, is history.

"The work ethic it takes to become a great athlete transfers into the rest of your life," MacFarlane said.

Throughout his 11-year wrestling career, MacFarlane represented Canada in numerous international competitions where he matched up against sighted wrestlers. From there, he used his "drive" to become the world's first blind freestyle water-skier. He also competed and excelled in sports such as golf and downhill skiing. These accomplishments led many observers to refer to MacFarlane as "The World's Greatest Blind Athlete."

MacFarlane shows no sign of slowing down. He has recorded a rock album, written an autobiography titled *Inner Vision – The Story of the World's Greatest Blind Athlete*, and is now contemplating a bid for the U.S. Congress.

Throughout his successful career, MacFarlane has become personal friends with a wide variety of celebrities, including Michael Jordan, Gordie Howe, and former U.S. president George Bush.

And yet MacFarlane takes the most pride in his motivational speaking campaign, which he began at the age of 19. Since then, MacFarlane has spread his positive message to over 2,000 schools and community groups. He is "personally touched" by the more than 38,000 letters he has received.

Despite all his achievements, MacFarlane refuses to simply relax and reflect on the "accomplishments of yesterday." Instead, he continues his busy lifestyle, motivated by an internal desire that he refers to as a "self-lit flame." He believes that enthusiasm and passion are the keys to creating desire every single day.

"The key to creating desire is to find something you are interested in," he says.

When faced with personal hardship, MacFarlane reminds all to remember that there is always someone less fortunate then you, and that it is important to simply believe in yourself.

"For if we don't believe in ourselves, how can someone else believe in us?" he asks.

"Remember to have self-esteem, to have pride, to feel good about who you are, what you represent, and what you've accomplished. I think it's important."

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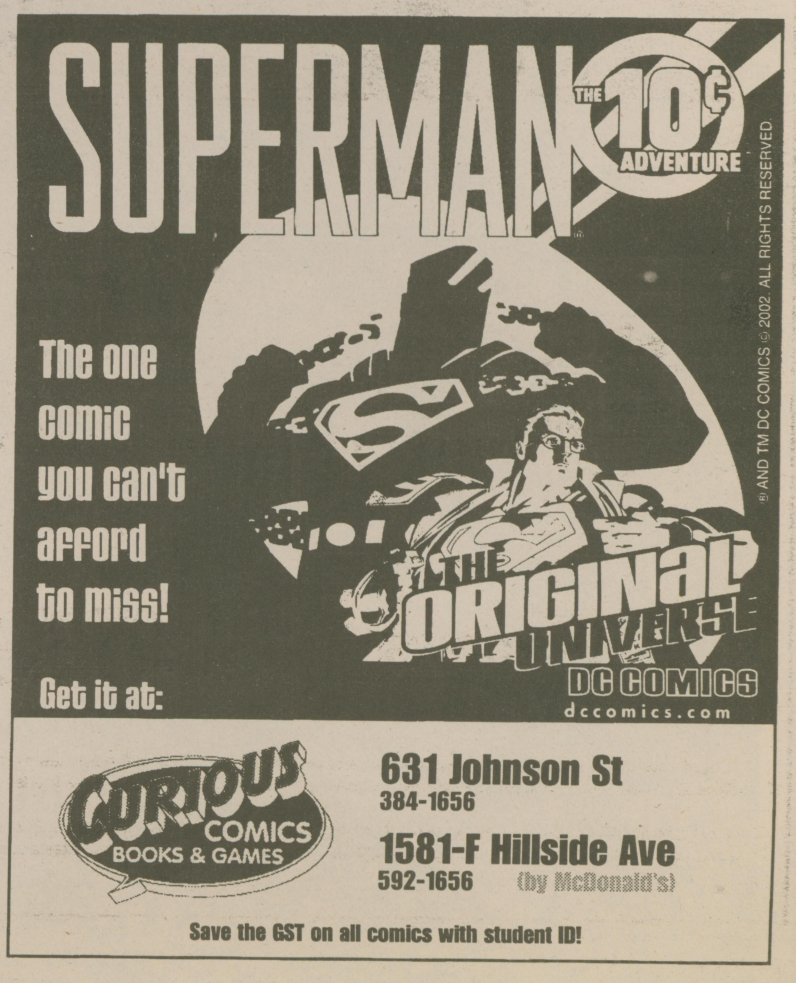
  $39.59 (includes GST and course booklet)
- **Foot Reflexology**
  Saturdays & Sundays, February 22 & 23, March 8, 9, & 22, & April 5: 9:30 am to 4:30 pm, 6 sessions
  $599.20 (includes GST and manual; lunch on your own)
- **Growth Together: Creating Lasting Relationships**
  Tuesdays, April 8 to May 27, 7 to 9 pm, 8 sessions
  $188 per couple (includes GST)

For information, go to *www.uvcs.uvic.ca/hlthsci/*, phone 721-8558, or visit Health Sciences Programs, Division of Continuing Studies, in the University Centre, second floor.

University of Victoria
Division of Continuing Studies



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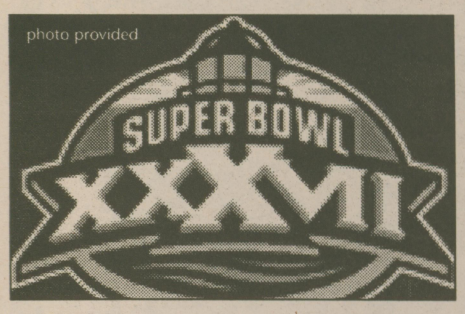
Save the GST on all comics with student ID!

Ask and ye shall receive

Dave Breitman's Superbowl Sunday was filled with copious amounts of Q&A. Read on to get the goods from the man who puts the weise in Budweiser.

photo provided



To the lighthouse with the Raiders, the Buccaneers and Virginia Woolf

by Dave Breitman

Q: Where does the Buccaneer's defence rank against great defences of yesteryear?
A: As far as overall defences go, this is considered one of the top three defences of all time along with the Baltimore Ravens of '01 and the Chicago Bears of '86. They were number one in both pass and rush yards against in the conference and boasted the NFL's best defence throughout the regular season. The fact that they shut down the three best quarterbacks in the league (Vick, Garcia and Gannon) to win it all separates them from the Ravens and Bears. The Bucs broke records for points scored in the post-season and were just as consistent as they were punishing. This is the greatest defence ever – bank it!

Q: How much did Celine Dion singing "God Bless America" piss you off?
A: Not that much actually. While most people in the bar were outraged by the Canadian's rendition of that wretched ballad, I simply chalked it up to the fact that she's French.

Q: Wasn't the half-time show cool?
A: Shut the fuck up, Jon.

Q: Who was the real MVP?
A: This is a difficult question. Dexter Jackson's two interceptions during the first half helped the Bucs jump out to an early lead, which the Raiders were unable to recover from. However, despite Jackson's superb game, several other Buccaneers defensive players were worthy of the award. Like Dexter, Dwight Smith had two interceptions, which he returned for touchdowns to go along with four tackles. However, what separates Jackson's defensive accomplishments from Smith's was the timing. Both of Smith's scores happened late in the game while Tampa Bay was already enjoying a 17-point lead.

Q: Is there any chance that Tampa Bay can repeat?
A: Not only is it possible, it's also very likely. Tampa Bay has every impact player signed through 2004, as well as two million dollars in cap room to sign a quality player. It is also worthy to note that Tampa's top ranked defence boasts an average of 27, as well as a solid nucleus of returning veterans and youngsters. On offense the Buccaneers have collected an impressive array of talent at the skilled position. The continued improvement of Michael Pittman at tailback should give them stability on offense.

Q: Is it okay to be a little gay when I'm drunk?
A: Yes, Graham. You can be however you want to.

Q: Was Oakland outplayed or did they choke?
A: Oakland by no means choked. Their execution was nothing less than usual and their unforced mistakes were minimal. The bottom line was they were simply out-classed. They were unable to penetrate the speedy Buc's defense and were unable to make big plays on special teams. In the end, Oakland was out-coached, out-played and out-classed by a better team.

Q: If Ditka were to play the Bucs who would win?
A: Ditka would win 19-7.

Q: If Ditka were to play the Bulls what would happen?
A: The competition could never occur, as the sheer magnitude of their greatness colliding would cause the world to implode rendering the contest indeterminable.

photo by Vanessa Neuman

Vikes men's rugby took on Pacific Pride last Saturday at Wallace Field. The Pride prevailed, 22-11.

I wanna smash it up

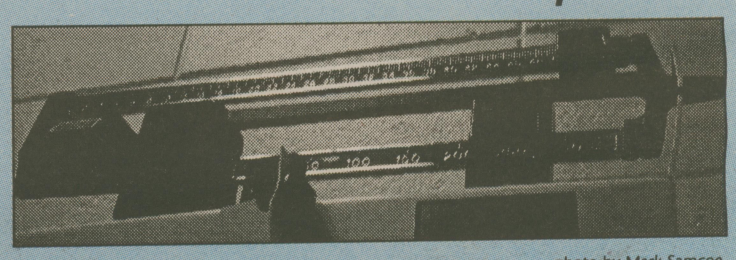
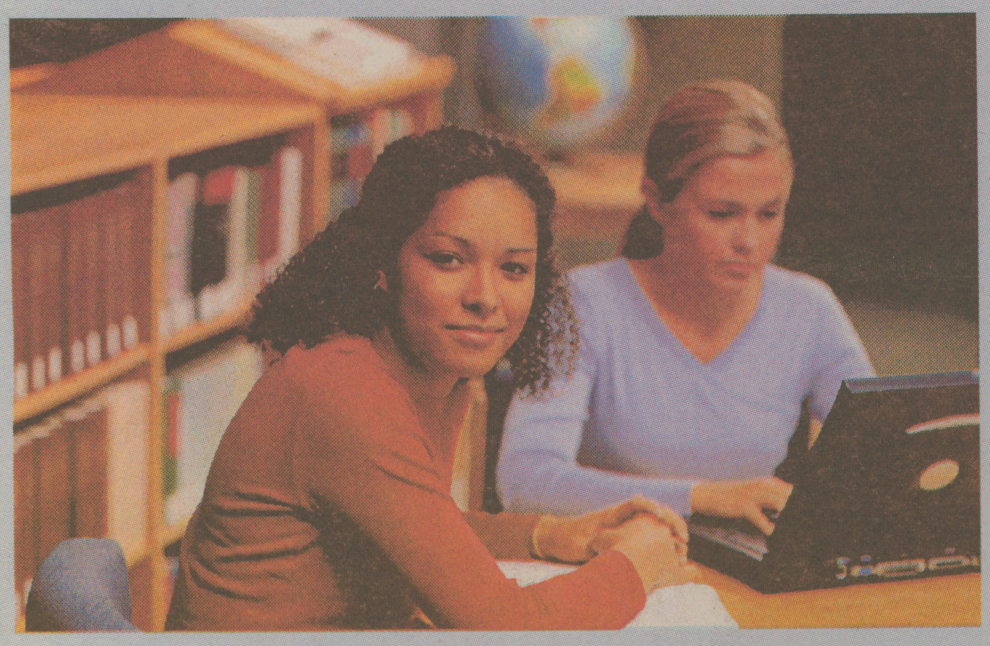


photo by Mark Samcoe

Students bring the scales. The BC Eating Disorder Association brings the goggles and sledgehammers. These are the only instructions you need if you're planning on being on the University Centre patio Wednesday, Feb. 5, where you can trash scales similar to or more modern than this archaic calorie counter. The Scale Smash is one of many events during Eating Disorder Awareness Week (Feb. 2-8). "The model is to stop weighing yourself, to concentrate on health and acceptance, beauty in all sizes," says Anna Petrie, a third year social work student on a practicum with the Association.



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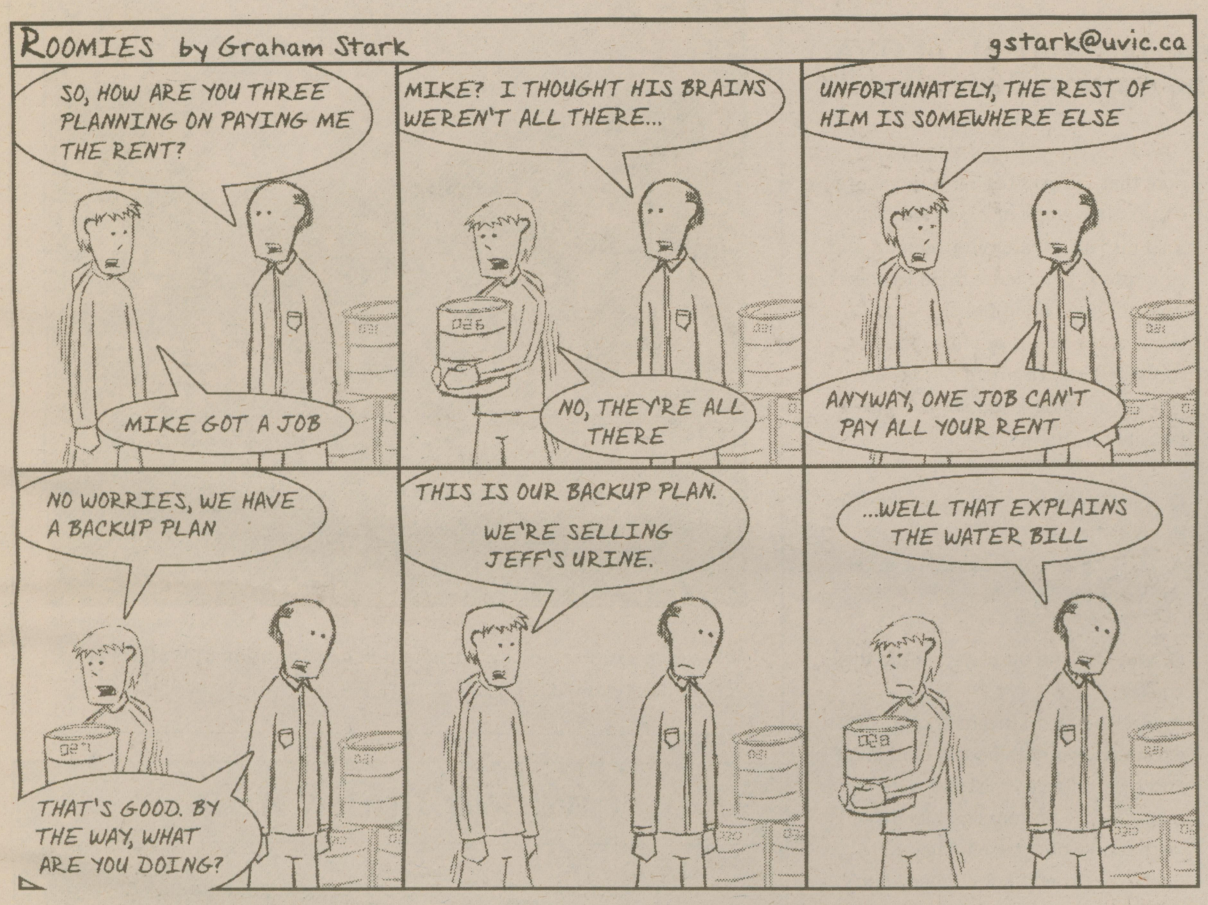
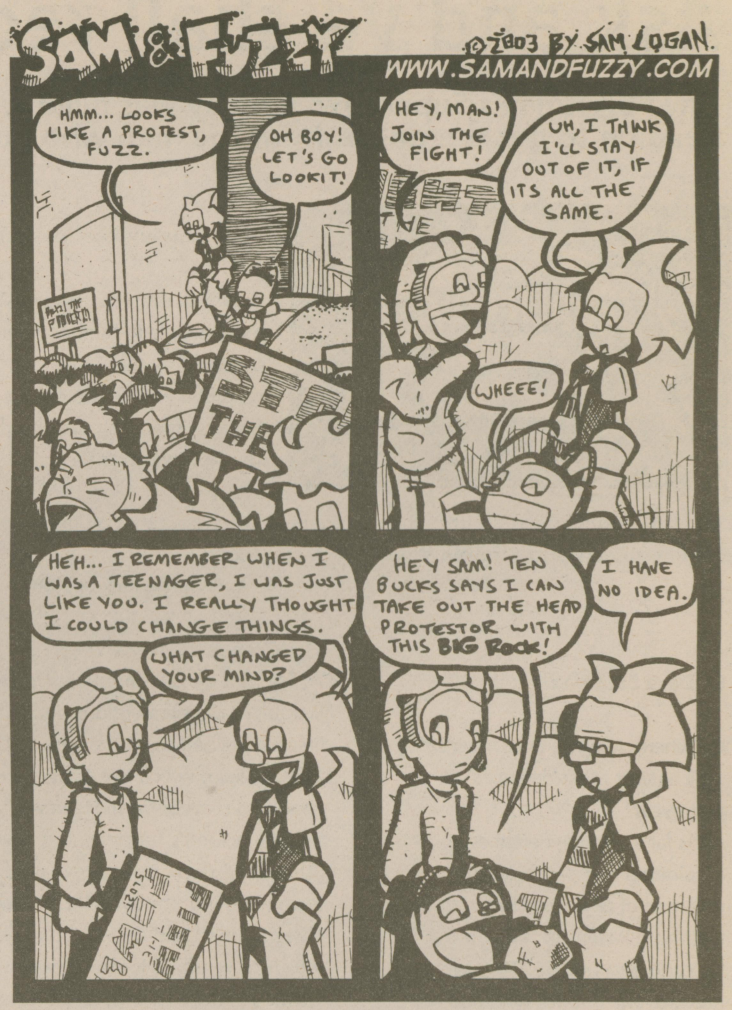
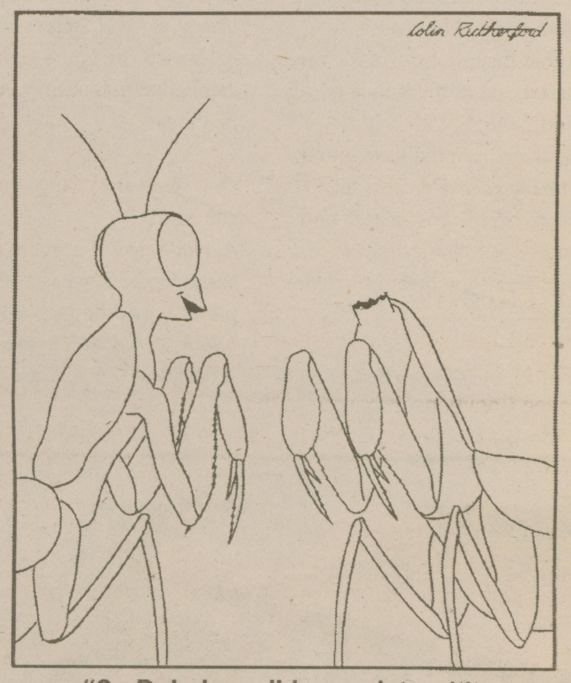
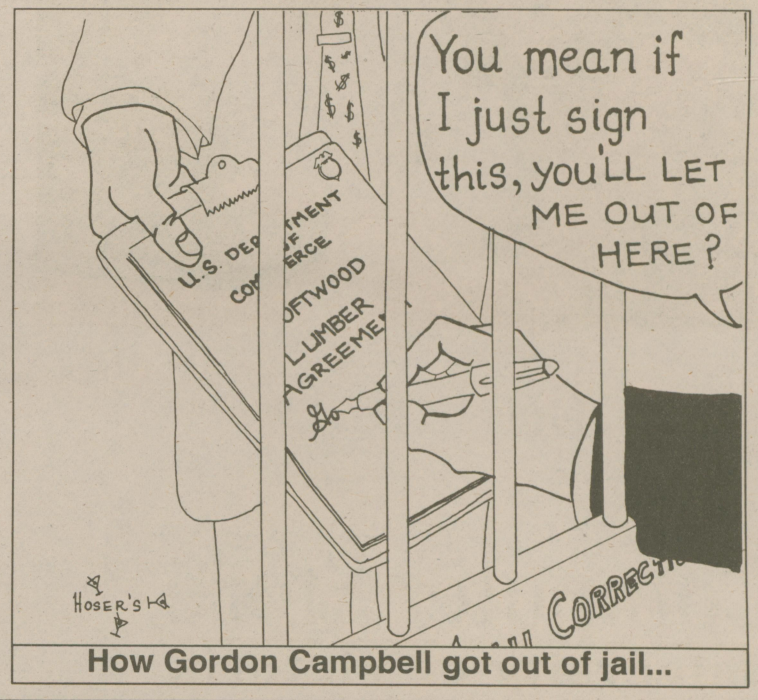

ROOMIES by Graham Stark
gstark@uvic.ca
SO, HOW ARE YOU THREE PLANNING ON PAYING ME THE RENT?
MIKE GOT A JOB
MIKE? I THOUGHT HIS BRAINS WEREN'T ALL THERE...
NO, THEY'RE ALL THERE
UNFORTUNATELY, THE REST OF HIM IS SOMEWHERE ELSE
ANYWAY, ONE JOB CAN'T PAY ALL YOUR RENT
NO WORRIES, WE HAVE A BACKUP PLAN
THAT'S GOOD. BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS IS OUR BACKUP PLAN.
WE'RE SELLING JEFF'S URINE.
...WELL THAT EXPLAINS THE WATER BILL


SAM & FUZZY
©2003 BY SAM LOGAN
WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM
HMM... LOOKS LIKE A PROTEST, FUZZ.
OH BOY! LET'S GO LOOKIT!
STOP THE
HEY, MAN! JOIN THE FIGHT!
UH, I THINK I'LL STAY OUT OF IT, IF ITS ALL THE SAME.
WHEEE!
HEH... I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER, I WAS JUST LIKE YOU. I REALLY THOUGHT I COULD CHANGE THINGS.
WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?
HEY SAM! TEN BUCKS SAYS I CAN TAKE OUT THE HEAD PROTESTOR WITH THIS BIG Rock!
I HAVE NO IDEA.

the Leprechaun Colony
by garethgaudin@hotmail.com
HI LUCY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A WALK WITH ME?
I'D LOVE TO... BUT I HAVE NO LEGS.
OH WELL, YOUR LOSS.
Lucy walk with me
LUCY
OCT-1995
DEC-2002



"So Bob, how did your date with Justine go last night?"



How Gordon Campbell got out of jail...

Smugglers' Cove
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Daily specials
• Monday - Wing Night (3pm onwards)
• Tuesday - buy one burger and get the next one 1/2 price
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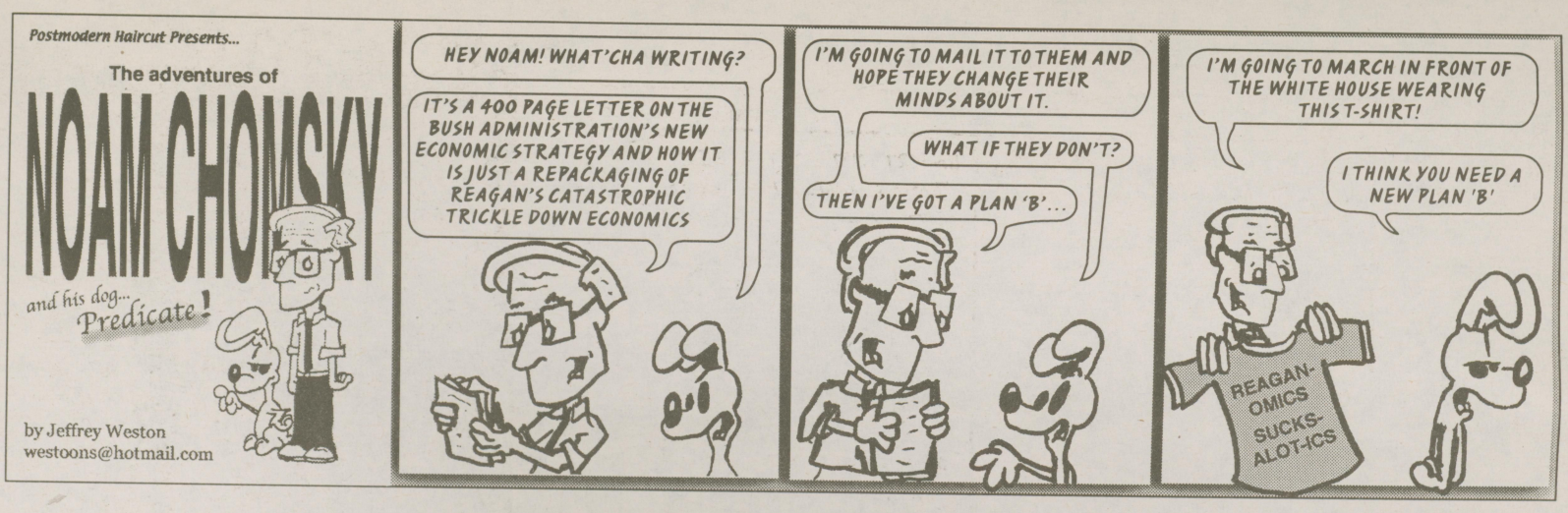
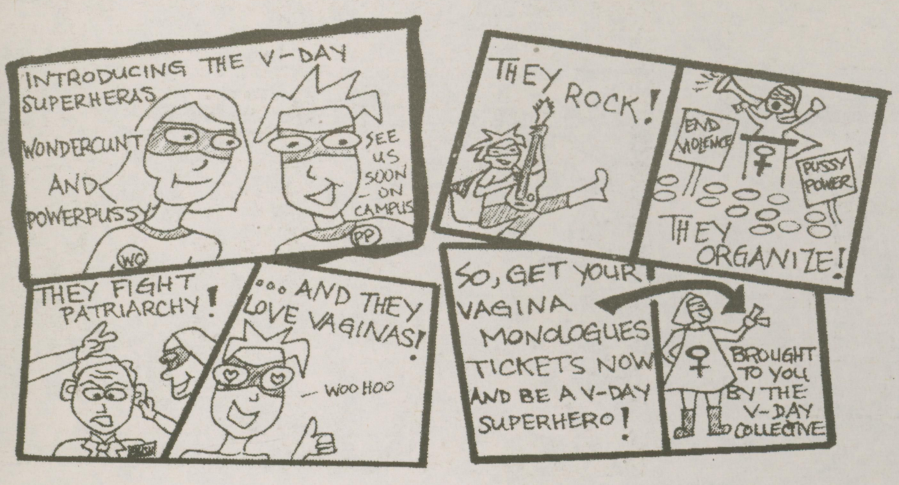
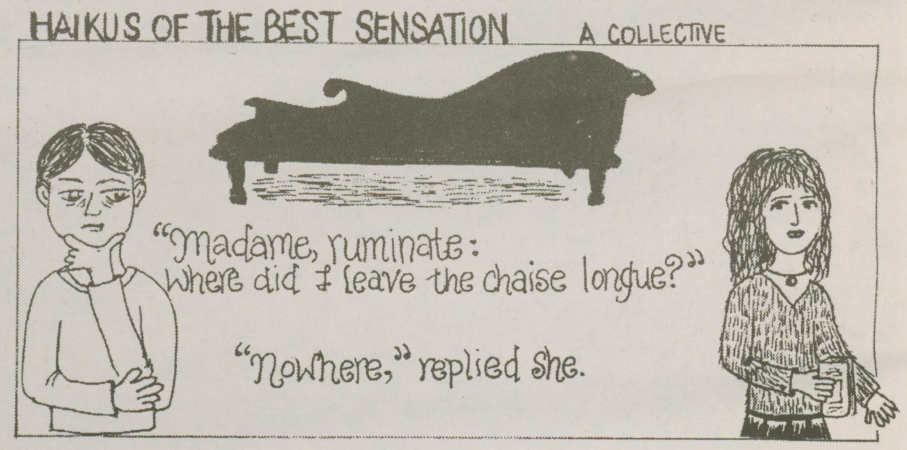

Postmodern Haircut Presents...
The adventures of
NOAM CHOMSKY
and his dog... Predicate!
by Jeffrey Weston
westoons@hotmail.com
HEY NOAM! WHAT'CHA WRITING?
IT'S A 400 PAGE LETTER ON THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION'S NEW ECONOMIC STRATEGY AND HOW IT IS JUST A REPACKAGING OF REAGAN'S CATASTROPHIC TRICKLE DOWN ECONOMICS
I'M GOING TO MAIL IT TO THEM AND HOPE THEY CHANGE THEIR MINDS ABOUT IT.
WHAT IF THEY DON'T?
THEN I'VE GOT A PLAN 'B'...
I'M GOING TO MARCH IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE WEARING THIS T-SHIRT!
I THINK YOU NEED A NEW PLAN 'B'
REAGAN-OMICS SUCKS-ALOT-ICS


INTRODUCING THE V-DAY SUPERHERAS
WONDERCUNT AND POWERPUSSY
SEE US SOON - ON CAMPUS
THEY FIGHT PATRIARCHY!
... AND THEY LOVE VAGINAS!
WOO HOO
THEY ROCK!
END VIOLENCE
PUSSY POWER
THEY ORGANIZE!
SO, GET YOUR VAGINA MONOLOGUES TICKETS NOW AND BE A V-DAY SUPERHERO!
BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE V-DAY COLLECTIVE



Billboards

on campus

McPherson Library Information Commons Now Open. Students are invited to use the new Information Commons computers in the McPherson Library Classroom (Room 130). These computers offer access to the Libraries Gateway, the Internet, and MS Word, Excel and PowerPoint. Do your research, write your papers, and save, print or download your work. The Information Commons is open 7 days a week whenever the Library is open. Only caveat, the Classroom MUST be vacated when Library Instruction classes are being taught. A sign outside the Classroom door gives classroom availability each day. See you all there!

University of Victoria Career Fair 2003 - Opportunities at Hand, February 10 and 11, 10 a.m. – 3:30 p.m., SUB, Michele Pujol Room. Over 40 exhibitors are coming. Explore future work and education opportunites. Check out our Web site at **www.uviccareerfair.com**

New bicycle lockers have been installed on campus, so now is your chance to wheel into the affordable luxury of your own bicycle locker: private, protected, reserved, weather-proof parking for your two-wheeled friend. Visit the SUB General Info booth or phone 721-8355.

off campus

Victoria Citizen Advocacy Society would like to invite you to be a volunteer friend. We match volunteers on a one-to-one basis with individuals who have a development disability. Matched friends typically do those things we all enjoy, like meeting for coffee, catching a hockey game, or enjoying a walk. Consider connecting with someone as a Citizen Advocacy volunteer and find out how you can make a difference in your community. For more information, call Citizen Advocacy at 598-6786.

Traditional Karate lessons now available to UVic students at discount rates. Train with a certified instructor and learn the ancient art of Shito-Ryu Karate. Our goals are to increase your physical abilities, your self-defense skills and make sure you have FUN doing it! Excellent facilities at Planet Fitness/Women Zone (Shelbourne and McKenzie). Call Kit: 886-5120.

accommodations

Needed: One roommate to share house with two others. All appliances, hardwood floors, close to UVic/groceries/bus. One unfurnished bedroom available Feb. 1, 2003. $350 plus utilities per month. Shaw Internet, TV available. Bryn, 472-2796.

announcements

Attention Golden Key members: On Feb. 7, Golden Key is hosting a lecture-luncheon featuring Dr. Lawrence Pitt. Dr. Pitt will be talking about the Kyoto accord. Tickets are $6 and are available this Thursday and Friday (11:30 a.m. – 2 p.m.) from our office: Cor A150. Guests welcome.

Fine Arts Gala 2003: The fine arts gala will be featuring the art opening of "Hot Box," a magic show, video screenings, live performances from various fine art departments, local DJs, and refreshments. Opening will be Thursday, Feb. 6 from 7:30 - 10 p.m. in the Visual Arts building at UVic. For more information, contact Justin at justinmuir@mac.com

FIRST PEOPLES' STUDENT SYMPOSIUM – CALL FOR PRESENTERS. We will be showcasing the talents of First Nations students! It's an opportunity for you to present your work (poetry, music, art, an academic paper, etc.) Mar. 14. If you'd like to present or would like more info, please email fpss@canoemail.com or call Irene, 383-0288 (evenings).

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS – SUB Art Project All faculty and students, please submit visual art, of any size or medium, to join an exhibition in the Student Union Building. This is a chance to express any aspect of YOUR ACADEMIC FIELD (ie. BIOL, PHYS, SOCI, etc.). Bring it to SUB B103 by Feb. 24 and include the title, your name, contact info, and a brief description of the artwork. Contact Lauren Marsden for more info, bergron@uvic.ca, or 721-8368.

help wanted

Summer Camp Counselors on-campus interviews for premier camps in Massachusetts. Positions available for talented, energetic, and fun loving students as counselors in all team sports such as tennis & golf, waterfront and pool activities, and specialty activities including art, dance, theatre, gymnastics, newspaper, rocketry & radio. GREAT SALARIES, room, board, travel and U.S. summer work visa. June 21st – August 17th. Enjoy a great summer that promises to be unforgettable. For more information and to apply: MAH-KEE-NAC www.campmkn.com (Boys): 1-800-753-9118. DANBEE www.danbee.com (Girls): 1-800-392-3752. Interviewer will be on campus Monday, March 3rd – 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the Student Union Building (Michèle Pujol Room).

TEACH ENGLISH Overseas: Jobs $$$ guaranteed. Great pay. TESOL Certified in 5 days in-class (or online or by correspondence). Attend a **FREE** info seminar. **FREE** infopack: **1-888-270-2941** or **www.globaltesol.com**

hey you

I didn't see you. I saw your license plate, DAD 147. That combination has a deeper meaning if you ask me. PLEASE CALL ME if you are this person or know this person. 381-5463.

Rachel Horodeky! Call the Martlet!

Hey you! The guy in On the Spot last week. My only fan. I laughed, I cried, I want to give you my autograph. – Rich Cole.

UVic Pokemon Club. Every Wednesday, we dress as Pokemon characters and do the stuff with the cards and that. Fun! With cards and costumes and FUN! Meetings held in room A125 of the Vivek Sharma Building. Poke-a-rific! Yay, Pokemon!!

Craig Battle! I enjoy the nonchalant way you layer your dress-shirt and sweater. I yearn to lift the shirt tail and peak at what is beneath. May I? Get back to me and we can go on a date. – B.

Billboard Rates

students & clubs	$2/issue
non-students	$2/line
businesses	$5.50/3 lines + $2/extra line
hey you!	free!

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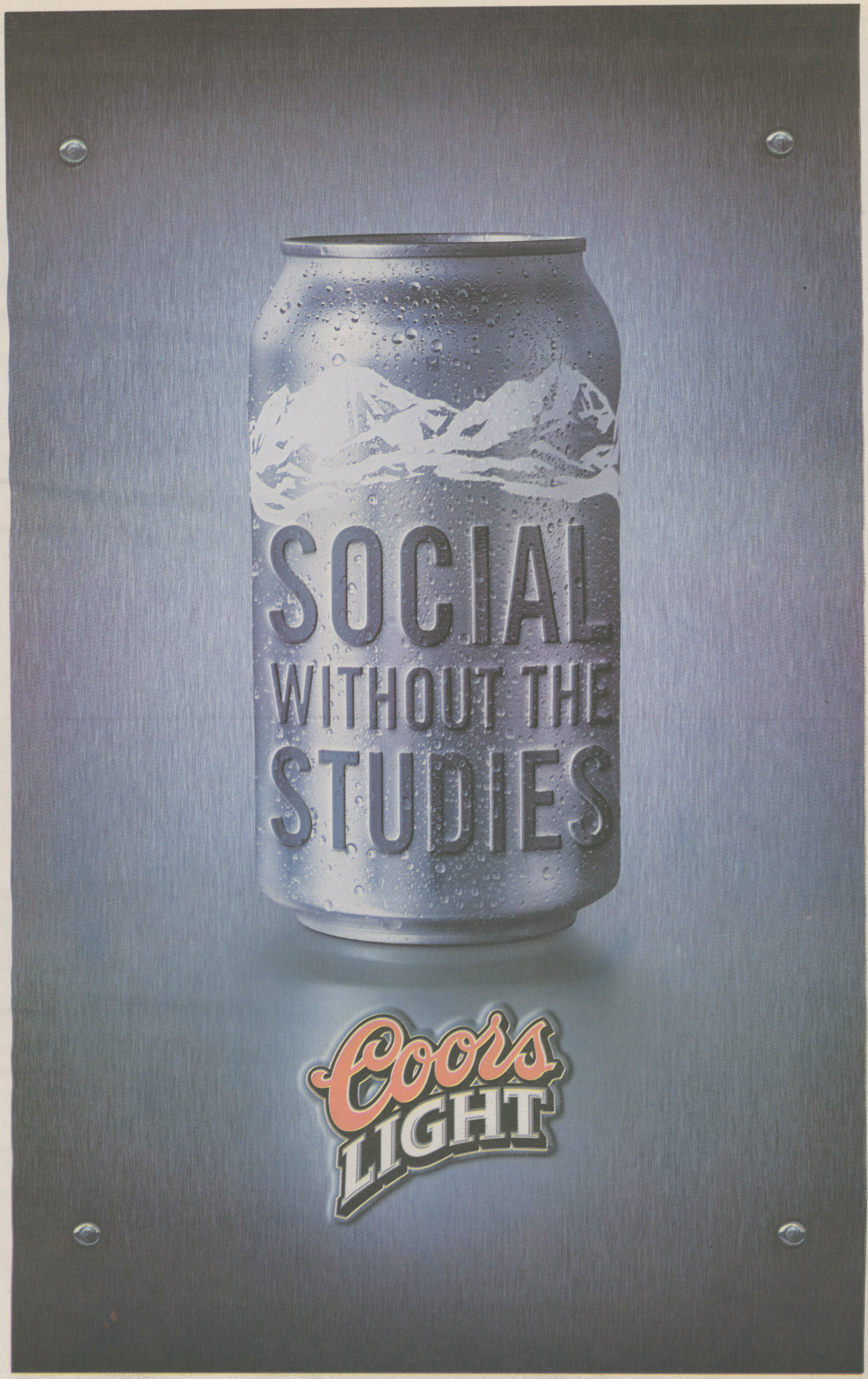
SOCIAL
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